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NOTES FROM A DIARY

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Notes from a Diary

1851-1872

BY THE RIGHT HON.
SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF
G.C.S.I.

"On ne doit jamais écrire que de ce qu'on aime. L'oubli et le silence sont la punition qu'on inflige à ce qu'on a trouvé laid ou commun dans la promenade à travers la vie."—RENAN

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IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. II
xx-K 53

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET
1897

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1866

January

I SPENT this month at Torquay, engaged, for the most part, in finishing my paper upon Austria, already mentioned, for the *North British Review*.

Amongst the lighter books which I read at this time was one called *Mystifications*, which gave an account of the way in which a number of the most eminent persons, in the Edinburgh society of the earlier part of this century, had been taken in by a clever friend, who had presented herself to them in a variety of different characters, without their having the slightest idea who she was.

I happened to say that I thought they were easily deceived. A day or two afterwards a card was brought to me, with the name "Miss Sharpe" upon it. I went to the drawing-room and had a conversation with

that lady, an elderly Australian, who professed to have been told to call upon me by Charles Pearson. Presently my visitor threw off her disguise and turned out to be none other than my wife. I introduced "Miss Sharpe" to my mother, and she was taken in as completely as I had been.

On New Year's day I called on Mr. Savage, the author of a novel, which had, I believe, some success in its time, called the *Bachelor of the Albany*, and a great invalid. Speaking of the comparative merits of the climate of Hyères and Torquay, he said—"At Hyères, I was kept in the house during the winter about ten days. Here, I shall hope to get out about ten days." Still, the climate of Torquay is a wonderfully mild one for England. On the 5th many violets, and at least one primrose, were out in the garden; on the 7th a fuchsia and a periwinkle; on the 8th, near the sea, a snowdrop.

On the 29th I dined with Professor Daubeny to meet Sir John Bowring. He told two stories of his canvassing Penryn and Kirkcaldy. At the first a man said to him—"If you don't believe in the Trinity, and wish us to vote for you, we must have ten shillings a head instead of five." At the second,

a man said to him—"We *will* have a religious man to represent us, if we go to Hell to find him."

February

On the 5th I took the oaths and my seat in the New Parliament, and on the 6th the address was moved by Lord Frederick Cavendish.

The speech of the Seconder, Mr. Graham, member for Glasgow, attracted much attention.

My first new acquaintance of this season seems to have been Sir Rowland Blennerhassett. My first walk (on the same day, the 5th) was with Mat. Arnold. My first dinner-party was at the house of Mr. Booth, of the Board of Trade, in Prince's Gardens, a cousin of my wife's, who published, five years later, a book of much merit, on theological subjects, *The Problem of the World and the Church.* My first party was (the same evening, the 7th) at Lord Russell's official house in Downing Street, where Arthur Russell was present with his bride.

On the 13th I breakfasted with Lacaita at his rooms in Duke Street, St. James's, the other guests being Arthur Russell, Acton and Frederick Pollock,

the translator of Dante. Lacaita started the idea of a Breakfast Club, to meet at each other's houses, during the session of Parliament. In a fortnight it was constituted, and met for the first time on the 24th, at Sir John Lefevre's. The number was eventually fixed at twelve, the first members being Lacaita, Acton, Lord Dufferin, Froude, Bruce, Arthur Russell, Frederick Pollock, Sir John Lefevre, Sir Edmund Head and myself. Sir John Simeon and Sir T. Erskine May were afterwards added.[1]

What time I could now spare for work outside Parliament was chiefly given to a paper upon Belgium which appeared a little later in *Fraser's Magazine*.

March

On the 1st my article on Austria was published in the *North British Review*.

With reference to this paper, Morier wrote from

[1] The Breakfast Club has prospered exceedingly, and the number twelve has always been strictly adhered to for the ordinary members; but when it is absolutely impossible for any one to attend, on account of absence from London or overwhelming Cabinet work, he is made an honorary member. In the year 1885-86, through four of its honorary members, it was ruling India, the Dominion of Canada, Madras, and Bombay—a curious record for so small a society.

Vienna on May 9th: "I have read with the greatest interest the article on Austria published in the *North British*, a copy of which Mallet brought out to me from you, for which my hearty thanks. It fulfils all the conditions I have so long urged as necessary to the treatment of foreign subjects in the British Press, viz. objectivity, fairness, and *charity;* and it avoids all the besetting sins of the usual British writers, nagging, schoolmastering, patronising, and the taking of some ridiculous, imaginary, British standard, as that by which to measure un-British things. I will tell you at once where I disagree with you, in order that you may know that with all the rest I agree.

"I disagree with the last four lines of the last paragraph of page 82 (said lines being in the middle of page 83), and with the second paragraph of page 86."

My friend's disagreement had reference to the so-called *coup d'état* of September 1865—a stroke of policy about the merits or demerits of which those for whom I am now writing are not likely to care much.

On the 2nd I see that there breakfasted with me,

amongst others, to meet White and Mallet, Sutherland Edwards and Vera. With the former, who was *Times* correspondent in Warsaw during the troubles, and who wrote an interesting book called *The Russians at Home*, I was brought into contact from my interest in the Polish question.

The other was best known by his writings upon Hegel's philosophy.

At this period I was a member of the Athenaeum Committee, and I observe that on the 6th we elected a strange trio—Disraeli, General Strachey and Lucien Bonaparte.

On the 10th I entertained the Breakfast Club for the first time; Arthur Russell, Frederick Pollock, Froude, Lord Dufferin, Sir E. Head and Sir J. Lefevre being present.

Our last dinner party before Easter seems to have included Kinglake, Sir R. Blennerhassett, Mat. Arnold, Theodore Martin and Schedo Ferroti.

As I read over my Diary of this period, I am almost surprised to find what masses of miscellaneous writing by men of all countries on foreign politics I contrived to get through.

It was not for nothing that I put on one of its

earliest pages the well-known words of Hippocrates: "Life is short, Art is long"; and on the next—"Semper aliquid certi proponendum est"!

April and May

Public affairs were gloomy, for after the Easter Recess began the debate on the second reading of the ill-starred Reform Bill, and the whole month was a period of much domestic anxiety to us on account of my mother's illness—her usually good health having been exchanged this spring for great weakness, which at last took an acute form, and ended in her death on the 1st May.

That interrupted, of course, my attendance at the House, and obliged me to go to Scotland; but I returned to my place before my period of leave was over.

June

By the 1st of this month I had finished passing through the press my *Studies in European Politics*, which I had begun to print as soon as I had completed the paper on Belgium, above alluded to, and to-day I set to

work to try to understand something of the affairs of South America, commenced, in fact, the reading on which the last chapter of my *Political Survey*, published about two years and a half later, was founded. I see it was on the last day of the previous month that I had a very memorable conversation upon oratory with Coleridge, who had by this time come in for Exeter, and of whom I already saw a good deal.

Who was it who said :—

"The South says to the Negro, 'Be slave, and God bless you.'

"The North says, 'Be free, and God damn you'"?

15. The first copies of my book, *Studies in European Politics*, published by Edmonston and Douglas, in Edinburgh, reached me. In the preface occurs the following sentence :—

"Austria continues her slow progress down the easy slope of Avernus. The war into which she seems as anxious as either of her adversaries to plunge, can bring, to her at least, the satisfactory solution of no one of the questions which have so long tormented her. She may well drive back Victor Emmanuel from the Quadrilateral, she may well overbalance, by sheer force of numbers, the advantage derived by her German foe from that formidable needle-

gun, which we are told makes one soldier do the work of three; but who, that knows the forces now at work in Europe, can doubt that Italy and Prussia must conquer in the end?"

16. Sir Edmund Head, who had been Governor of Canada, gave a curious account at the Breakfast Club, this morning, of the difficulty which a friend of his found in translating Acts vi. 3 into Chippewa. We render the Greek: "whom we may appoint over this business"; but, in the agreeable tongue just alluded to, it seems that a different word would have to be used if the Apostles meant—"We twelve alone," or "We twelve and you whom we address," so that the word to be employed involved the whole controversy between Apostolic authority and Congregationalism.

The conversation would seem to have turned, too, upon the City of the Haurân, which was discovered by Cyril Graham, whom I used to see not unfrequently in those days, and which is said to have been built by the lady who bore the proud title of the "Pantheress daughter of Panthers"!

Under this date I find this notice: "To Athenaeum,

whence wrote to Douglas, and read an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, by Montégut, *Un amour Chrétien*, being a review of Mrs. Craven's unpublished book—the history of her brother and Mademoiselle d'Alopeus."[1]

18. Dunkellin's Amendment! and the long-foreseen crash—Government being beat by 317 to 306 in a House of 647, including the Speaker. I voted with the minority.

Who told a Suisse to turn out a dog in these words:—

"Enfant d'Hélvétie, veuillez vous éconduire ce symbôle de la fidélité"?

From whom had I the story of Thackeray saying one Sunday to his companion by a river-side—

"If that d——d irreligious fish had been to afternoon church we should not have caught him"?

They are both noted on this day.

July

5. News of a great Prussian victory in Bohemia

[1] See Mrs. Bishop's beautiful Life of her friend Mrs. Craven, vol. i. p. 348.

came on the 4th and was confirmed to-day. On the 6th Kinglake said to me, "I was for Austria because I thought she could make Germany; now I see she can't, I go over to Prussia."

On the 11th I walked with Mallet, who left Vienna on the 6th. He was there when the news of the great battle came, and was much struck with the apathy of the population.

11. Dined with the Mitchells. Mlle. Smirnoff cited a happy French phrase, by which to convey civilly the information that a lady squints—"Elle a le regard Montmorency." The Russians put it more distinctly: "One eye," they say, "looks at you and one at Arsamaz."

Arsamaz is not far from Nijni Novgorod, half across the European portion of the Empire.

On the 23rd took place the Hyde Park riots.

Arthur Russell and I went together to see the crowds, but met with no adventures.

I determined, after my mother's death, to make a serious attempt to live at Eden. In order to do this, with any comfort, it would have been necessary to have got together a much larger and more carefully-selected library than the house possessed. In my perplexity

I applied, about this time, to Acton, who did, thereupon, what not many friends would have done—went down from London to Aldenham, in Shropshire, and made, in the midst of his own gigantic library, a sketch of such an one as I wanted, containing, say, from four to five thousand volumes. This will be found amongst my papers, and should on no account be lost sight of.

When I found that living at Eden during the recess could not possibly be fitted in with my plans of life, I dropped the idea of collecting a library, and merely bought, as previously, the books for which I had immediate occasion.

On the 31st I went from London to Endsleigh, the Duke of Bedford's beautiful cottage on the banks of the Tamar, where Hastings Russell used to spend part of his summer. Here I read Lord Russell's *Nun of Arrouca*,—a novel, published in 1824, the scene of which is laid in the country between the Mondego and the Douro. It contains five fine lines :—

" My business, not my bosom, they shall know ;
Hence be my heart, like ocean, common road
For all, but only for the dead abode ;

Man shall not sound the deep o'er which he steers,
And none shall count its treasures or its tears."[1]

From Endsleigh I went to Fyne Court, to stay with John Hamilton, whose former name was Crosse.[2] It was here that his father carried on his electrical experiments, *à propos* of which, a farmer, pointing him out one day to a friend in a neighbouring town, said —"That's Crosse of Broomfield. You can't go near his cursed house at night. Them as has been there has seen devils a-dancing on the wires he's put up around his grounds."

Here I met Dr. Prior, author of a book on the popular names of British plants, who has botanised more widely than most men, and who told me that he found the flora of the Cape far the most charming.

From Fyne Court I went to stay with George Boyle at Soho House, near Birmingham, where amongst others I met Badham, the Hellenist, who afterwards went to New South Wales. He thought that the best Greek scholars at that time in Germany

[1] I was full of these, and my host said, "We shall have them in your next Elgin speech." "You shall, by Jove!" I replied, and was as good as my word.

[2] See these Notes for 1856.

were:—Meineke, already Emeritus at Berlin, and Bergk at Marburg. He told me, too, that Cobet during the cholera at Leyden read Theophrastus on cowardice with those of his pupils who remained.

We passed the autumn very quietly at Eden, receiving, amongst others, Sandars, Stephen and M. Arnold. The last mentioned caught his first salmon at the bend of the river just below Bowiebank, an event which gave him profound satisfaction, and which, getting into the *Banffshire Journal*, was copied by the London papers, passed thence into those of the Colonies, and became almost historical.

I wonder who deserves the credit of the happy thing, which I find quoted from an article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of August 31st, in my Diary for September 3rd—"The Fronde was to our Great Rebellion what Croquet is to Cricket."

Under date of September 19th I find these words—"Beautiful moonlight night; we walk in the Den to hear the owls."

The Den is a deep wooded ravine, on the very edge of which the house of Eden stands. I protected the owls, in whose cries I delight, most carefully, and they became extremely numerous.

Under date of September 29th I find an allusion to a saying, which then passed much from mouth to mouth in London, to the effect that the real object which Gladstone had in view in his writings about Homer was to induce his wife to call upon Helen!

On October 10th I delivered my annual address, reprinted in *Elgin Speeches*.

I suppose it expressed the views which were held by a considerable number of intelligent people, for I think I received more letters about it than about any other of my autumn speeches.

Here is one from an eminent man whom I knew at this time only slightly, but with whom I became very intimate in 1870:—

October 12th.

My dear Sir—It can seldom be a matter of indifference to any public man to know the impression which his views, and his mode of stating them, make upon individuals who constitute the Public he addresses.

I have just been reading your admirable speech at Elgin; and I do not think I ever read a statement by any Politician in every word of which I so heartily agreed.

What you say of Gladstone and Lowe is especially true and well-timed, and your views of foreign matters seem to me as sound, and as *rarely* sound, as your Home Politics.

I am not much of a volunteer letter writer, but I could not deny myself the pleasure of saying thus much.—Yours very sincerely, W. R. GREG.

On November 3rd I dined with George Duff at Montcoffer. He mentioned to me that Andrassy had told him that before Georgey surrendered, Russia had made overtures to himself and his friends. She was perfectly ready to seize Hungary!

On the 28th of November we went south, leaving Eden under brilliant starlight, and seeing a quite memorable sunrise at Inveramsay.

Thence we passed on to Edinburgh, where I saw Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, and dined with my old Oxford acquaintance Professor Sellar.

From Edinburgh we transferred ourselves to Mrs. Shuttleworth's always pleasant house at Manchester, and thence to Smithills.

From Smithills we went to London, whence, after dealing with a great mass of papers connected with family business, which my mother's death in the spring had rendered necessary, and which were only put out of hand on the 13th of December, we started on the 17th for Paris.

December

19. Long talk with Renan about his *Apôtres*. He took the strange story of Bâbism from Gobineau, but not without having it confirmed most amply by independent testimony, amongst others by a governor, under whose orders many of the sentences had been carried out, whom he met at Constantinople.

To see Taine, who has resigned his post of examiner for St. Cyr, thinking it better to give himself the *luxe de liberté* than any other *luxe*.

There sat next my wife, at the *table d'hôte* of the Grand Hotel to-day, a very intelligent man—I think a Count de Richemont—who, in taking leave, used what seemed to me a particularly good formula for such an occasion—"Mais malheureusement les jours se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas."

From Paris we went to Nice, whence we sailed to Monaco, passing Villafranca and Esa, which looked exquisitely beautiful over a glassy sea. Thence we pursued our way along the Corniche road to Mentone, where the young English girls at the *table d'hôte* were as full of talk about their Christmas church ornaments as they might have been in a Berkshire parsonage.

We reached San Remo on the 23rd. Here we stayed two or three days with my sister. Christmas was like a summer day iced, and bathing very pleasant. Amongst others, Madame von Orlich, who is passing this way, dined with us.

On the 26th I took a long walk, going nearly to the highest point of Monte Caggio, passing first through olives, then across an open rocky region covered with *Spartium junceum*, *Erica arborea*, etc., and reaching at last the pine-woods, through the openings of which there were enchanting views,—northward toward the snowy range, and southward over the sea.

Leaving San Remo on the 27th, we slept at Finale and Genoa, going on thence to Bologna and Florence, on arriving at which place I took up *Galignani*, and saw that I was Lord Rector of Aberdeen, the Duke of Richmond having given his casting vote as Chancellor in my favour.

The voting in Aberdeen is by nations, and the numbers were as follows :—

Moray nation Mar „ Buchan „ Angus „	}	Grote 197—Grant Duff 245.

The popular vote was thus very largely in my favour, while two nations voted for me and two for the other candidate; the Chancellor accordingly gave effect to the decision of the majority.

30. I spent the whole day revisiting the Duomo, Santa Croce, Santa Maria Novella, etc. etc., and seeing some things I had not seen when I was last here, such as the Sasso di Dante,[1] and the Casa Guidi, which Mrs. Browning had not in 1851 made famous.

We found ourselves, for our sins, at an hotel (the Nuova York) which was full of very unattractive Americans. One, apparently a clergyman, said, pointing to the boiled fowl, "What d'ye call that here?" Some one answered—the Italian for a fowl is *pollo*. He rejoined—"In America we call them chickens. When I got to France they called them

[1] ". . . On that ancient seat,
The seat of stone that runs along the wall,
South of the church, east of the belfry-tower
(Thou canst not miss it), in the sultry time
Would Dante sit conversing, and with those
Who little thought that in his hand he held
The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure
To each his place in the invisible world,
To some an upper region, some a lower;
Many a transgressor sent to his account,
Long ere in Florence numbered with the dead."

poulets. When I got to Germany they called them *faule* (sic). When I got amongst the Arabs—I didn't know what to call them. I tried *poulets*—that wouldn't do. I tried *faule*—that wouldn't do—then (crowing aloud like a cock) I did so—they understood that."

31. We went to-day to the tomb of the Duke Lorenzo,[1] to the Pitti, etc. etc., and I had long conversations with Mr., now Sir Henry, Elliot, our representative, and with Matteucci, the Minister of Education.

[1] "Nor then forget that Chamber of the Dead
Where the gigantic shapes of Night and Day,
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly;
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A twofold influence—only to be felt—
A light, a darkness, mingling each with each;
Both and yet neither. There, from age to age,
Two Ghosts are sitting on their sepulchres.
That is the Duke Lorenzo—mark him well.
He meditates, his head upon his hand.
What from beneath his helm-like bonnet scowls?
Is it a face, or but an eyeless skull?
'Tis lost in shade; yet, like the basilisk,
It fascinates, and is intolerable."

1867

January

1. LEAVE Florence in thunder, lightning and showers, for Bologna, whence we went on to Ravenna —of all the cities that I have visited of recent years, with the single exception of Moscow, by far the most remarkable. The city itself is quite modern and commonplace, but it is hardly possible to exaggerate the curiosity of its contents. Gregorovius has well called it the Pompeii of the Gothic and Byzantine times; and in it one is brought, so to speak, face to face with historical personages, who, till one goes there, are mere names. A visit to it, and a stay, much longer than the four-and-twenty hours which we were able to devote, should be a regular part of education.

We drove in a thick December fog to the Pineta, which would hardly, as we saw it, have inspired the lines which we nevertheless repeated:—

"Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er—
To where the last Caesarian fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell dogs and their chase, and the fair throng
Which learn'd, from this example, not to fly
From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's eye."

The best book on Ravenna is said by Gregorovius to be *Antonio Zirardini — Degli antichi edifizi profani di Ravenna*, 1762. He recommends also *Francesco Gioanni storia civile e naturale delle Pinete Ravennati.*

If it is possible to single out objects of peculiar interest, where everything that is not quite modern is of extraordinary interest, I should specify the Basilica of S. Apollinare in Classe; the Mausoleum of Theodoric;

the Archbishop's chapel, which is the same built and used by S. Peter Chrysologus in the fifth century (the mosaics representing the Apostles are untouched, and of a type quite unlike anything I have ever seen—long, grave, rather youthful faces); S. Vitale, an imitation of S. Sophia, adorned with mosaics of Justinian and Theodora, of quite extraordinary interest; the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia, well called by Gregorovius the Mausoleum of the Old Roman Empire. In the great marble sarcophagus the embalmed body of the Empress sat for more than a thousand years, till 1577; and another sarcophagus still contains the ashes of her brother Honorius.

The tomb of Dante, and Byron's residence are additional attractions to this most memorable place.

4. Walked round Faenza, which has nothing to detain the traveller except an admirable Holy Family in the cathedral, by Innocenzo da Imola, and the modern monument of Torricelli. We went to the manufactory of earthenware, but its only productions of any merit are not sold.

On to Rimini, crossing the Rubicon, probably the stream just before S. Arcangelo. It grew dark soon after Rimini, where we came upon the Adriatic, but

I observed, amongst other things, the Metaurus, near Fano.

5. Up early, and to see Trajan's Arch on the Mole. It was a wild, stormy morning, and very cold was the east wind which blew,

"Ante domum Veneris quam Dorica sustinet Ancon."

From Ancona we crossed the Apennines by rail to Foligno, reaching Rome by Corese (Cures) and Monte Rotondo (Crustumerium) in twelve and a half hours —a far less poetical approach to the Eternal City than my first one.

On the 7th we left the Hôtel de l'Europe, and, settling at No. 31 Piazza di Spagna, gave ourselves up to sight-seeing. My wife had never been in Rome before, and sixteen years had dulled many of my recollections. We found a good many friends passing the winter here. Arthur Russell and his wife were staying with his brother Odo, who had then apartments in the Chigi Palace, and was our representative at the Vatican; Sir John and Lady Acton were at Serny's, and the Cartwrights, Bergenroth, Story the American sculptor, Mr. and Mrs. Pain, the Caldwells, the Stahrs and others were also in Rome.

Amongst new acquaintances were Gregorovius, of whom I saw a great deal, and the last Duke of Sermoneta, to whose house I first went with the Arthur Russells.

18. Bergenroth gave a very gay and pleasant dinner at Spillman's. I sat between Count D'Arco, Acton's father-in-law, and Mr. Schlözer, the Prussian Secretary. Amongst others present were Gervinus, Arnim the Prussian Minister, later in Paris, Acton, Odo Russell, Cartwright and Mr. Friedmann. Arthur Russell was not there, having just left Rome.

20. Saw at the Storys' the Abbé Liszt and Miss Hosmer the American sculptress.

21. Dined at the Austrian Embassy with M. de Hübner, whom I later came to know so well. I sat next the French Ambassador, M. de Sartiges, and had a good deal of talk with him. It was he who, when sóme one drew his attention to some artistic deficiency in a representation at the Embassy of the Imperial eagle, said, "Ma foi, c'est assez bien pour un oiseau de passage."

23. Gervinus and his wife dined with us. Acton, Bullock, who wrote *Polish Experiences*, Clark of

Cambridge, and his colleague in the editing of *Shakespeare*, Mr. Aldis Wright, came in the evening.

Mr. Coolidge, an American, introduced by Circourt, came to see me. He had been in Rome forty-six years ago, and had visited India at some prehistoric period,—I think when Mountstuart Elphinstone was Governor of Bombay. His object in being introduced to me was to make the acquaintance of Odo Russell, to whom I sent him. Being extremely struck with the amount of his information, I afterwards asked Odo Russell, who was for some time at Washington, whether one met many such people in the United States. "Lots," he replied; a statement which I find it hard to reconcile with the fact that one meets so very few Americans in Europe, who could be named in the same breath, but which is, I have no doubt, capable of reconcilement.

28. Drove in the afternoon with Madame von Orlich to the Pamfili Doria gardens, where the ground was already covered with the white crocus and anemone, sprinkled here and there, too, with violets, and red and lilac anemones. An extraordinarily wet but warm winter has developed vegetation rapidly.

I dined with Acton, and afterwards walked long up and down with Friedmann, at the foot of the Piazza di Spagna steps, talking of the Sixteenth Century, in which he and Bergenroth may almost be said to live. I was surprised to find that, badly as he thought of Philip II., he thought much worse of his father Charles V.

29. I went with Acton to be introduced to De Rossi, the great antiquarian, after leaving whom, we looked over Rome from the balcony whence the Pope gives his benediction, and into St. Peter's through the west windows.

On the evening of the 30th my wife and I left Rome for Florence, where we stayed two or three days, seeing something of Mr. Charles de Bunsen, who is Secretary of the Prussian Legation, with whom his mother and unmarried sister were staying, as also of Mr. Marsh, the American Minister who wrote *Man and Nature*, and his charming wife. I had also long political conversations with Matteucci, Ricasoli, then Prime Minister, and Sir James Hudson.

February

2. To the Villa Mozzi, to compare the reality with Hallam's memorable description :—

"In a villa overhanging the towers of Florence, on the steep slope of that lofty hill crowned by the mother city, the ancient Fiesole, in gardens which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment.

"Never could the sympathies of the soul with outward nature be more finely touched; never could more striking suggestions be presented to the philosopher and the statesman. Florence lay beneath them, not with all the magnificence that the later Medici have given her, but, thanks to the piety of former times, presenting almost as varied an outline to the sky. One man, the wonder of Cosmo's age, Brunelleschi, had crowned the beautiful city with the vast dome of its cathedral, a structure unthought of in Italy before, and rarely since surpassed. It seemed, amidst clustering towers of inferior churches, an emblem of the Catholic hierarchy under its supreme head; like Rome itself, imposing, unbroken, unchangeable, radiating in equal expansion to every part of the earth, and directing its convergent

curves to heaven. Round this were numbered, at unequal heights, the Baptistery, with its gates worthy of Paradise; the tall and richly-decorated belfry of Giotto; the church of the Carmine with the frescoes of Masaccio; those of Santa Maria Novella, beautiful as a bride, of Santa Croce, second only in magnificence to the cathedral, and of St. Mark; the San Spirito, another great monument of the genius of Brunelleschi; the numerous convents that rose within the walls of Florence, or were scattered immediately about them. From these the eye might turn to the trophies of a republican government, that was rapidly giving way before the citizen prince, who now surveyed them; the Palazzo Vecchio, in which the signiory of Florence held their councils, raised by the Guelph aristocracy, the exclusive but not tyrannous faction that long swayed the city; or the new and unfinished palace which Brunelleschi had designed for one of the Pitti family, before they fell, as others had already done, in the fruitless struggle against the house of Medici, itself destined to become the abode of the victorious race, and to perpetuate, by retaining its name, the revolutions that had raised them to power.

"The prospect, from an elevation, of a great city in

its silence, is one of the most impressive as well as beautiful we ever behold. But far more must it have brought home seriousness to the mind of one who, by the force of events, and the generous ambition of his family, and his own, was involved in the dangerous necessity of governing without the right, and, as far as might be, without the semblance of power; one who knew the vindictive and unscrupulous hostility which at home and abroad he had to encounter. If thoughts like these could bring a cloud over the brow of Lorenzo, unfit for the object he sought in that retreat, he might restore its serenity by other scenes which his garden commanded. Mountains bright with various hues, and clothed with wood, bounded the horizon, and on most sides at no great distance, but embosomed in these were other villas, and domains of his own; while the level country bore witness to his agricultural improvements, the classic diversion of a statesman's cares. The same curious spirit which led him to fill his garden at Carreggi with exotic flowers of the East—the first instance of a botanical collection in Europe—had introduced a new animal from the same regions. Herds of buffaloes, since naturalised in Italy, whose dingy hide, bent neck,

curved horns, and lowering aspect, contrasted with the greyish hues and full mild eye of the Tuscan oxen, pastured in the valley, down which the yellow Arno steals silently through its long reaches to the sea."

From Florence we went straight to Genoa, and so back by the Corniche, lingering for a day with my sister at San Remo. We had not previously seen the road over the mountain of Turbia,—certainly the finest thing on the whole western Riviera.

We reached London on the 15th, having stayed only a day in Paris, and seen no one but Ollivier.

I summed up the results of much newspaper reading, and of many political talks during this visit to Italy, in an article which I wrote for the *North British Review*, and which I meant to have been the first paper in the second series of my *Studies in European Politics*, but my taking office in the end of the year 1868 put an end to this project. As it has not been republished, I print most of it here.

Italy in 1867

A writer who, at this time, addresses a body of readers in the United Kingdom upon the subject of

Italy has one great advantage over those who have to speak of most other countries. He has no need to build up any substruction. He may plunge *in medias res*, without prefacing what he has got to say of the present, or future, by any historical narrative.

If we except France, Italy is the one country with the recent history of which Englishmen of our day are pretty fairly acquainted. This period of comparatively extended knowledge of Italian affairs will not be of long continuance. The names of Calatafimi and Aspromonte will probably say as little to our children, as those of La Granja or Vergara say to ourselves.

The generation which read Mr. Gladstone's Neapolitan Letters, or his great speech of April 11, 1862; the generation which remembered the shock that ran through London, when the news of the death of Cavour was telegraphed from Turin; the generation which welcomed Garibaldi to the English shore, will soon pass away, and the attention of those who come after us will very possibly be fixed upon political dramas in other parts of the world, as exciting as that which we have watched in the fair land "which the Apennine divides and the sea and the Alps surround."

The sensation age of modern Italy would seem, if the Fates have not in store for us some great surprises, to be, in spite of recent occurrences, drawing near its end; and if much of the romantic past is not to have been in vain, what we must hope for is a prosaic future. Till now the questions, which the friends of Italy have been asking, related chiefly to conspiracies and revolts, to the chances of battle, to the fidelity of armies, to the comparative strength of rival enthusiasms. The questions which we have now to ask relate to less exciting matters. They are two in number: Will Italy soon accomplish absolute unity? and, What place is she likely to take amongst the powers of Europe?

Till within the last few weeks most well-informed persons would, we believe, have replied to the first of these questions somewhat as follows:—The perfect quiet which has prevailed at Rome since the withdrawal of the French shows that, however widespread may be dissatisfaction with priestly rule, there is not, in the dominions which still remain to the Pope, that burning desire to overthrow it which must inevitably lead to revolution. For some years the Papal Government has seized every pretext to send across

the frontier all those active and stirring spirits who usually take the lead in times of excitement. The number of the Roman exiles is not accurately known even by the most acute and painstaking of the diplomatists who reside in the Eternal City. Undoubtedly, however, it is extremely large—large enough to amount to a small army. If we add to these the number of persons who are known to be detained in the political prisons, we arrive at a very considerable deduction from the plotting and fighting strength of the disaffected part of the population. No stranger can pass any time in Rome, without discovering that he is surrounded by persons who are hostile to the Government; but then many of them are bound over in heavy recognisances to keep the peace. They, or some of their connections, are dependent on the clergy, or they know themselves to be suspected, and are certain that the smallest overt act on their part would send them either out of Rome, or into some such pleasant retreat as San Michele. The probability is that the present state of things "will drag its slow length along," until either the election of a less impracticable Pope, or some complication in European politics, which may leave

the temporal Papacy without an available defender, shall enable Italy to step in and assert her natural rights.

The precipitancy of one generous but ill-advised man, and the subservience of Rattazzi to the section of politicians which that man represents, very nearly deranged these calculations, and threatened, for a moment, with a sudden and disastrous overthrow, not only the hopes of Italy, but even accomplished facts.

That danger has for the time passed by, and the Roman question is left pretty much as it was six months ago, with, however, these modifications :—

First, All the world now sees what many, as we have said, saw before, that the *explosive* power of Roman disaffection is not very great.

Secondly, The extreme inconvenience of his obligations towards the Pope has been forced on the mind of the Emperor ; and

Thirdly, Italy has been so deeply affronted, that unless she is to be thrown altogether into the arms of Prussia, the past must be atoned for by a much more speedy concession to her wishes than might before have been necessary.

The explanation of the conduct of the French Government seems to us simple enough. Hardly any

one in Europe more cordially detests the temporal power of the Pope, than does Napoleon III. His first step in public life was to engage in an insurrection against the government of priests. During the earlier stages of the late movement he seems to have been irresolute, and to have hoped that things would take such a turn as would make it unnecessary for him to interfere. Hence the enigmatic answer to Nigra. Hence the inconsistent conduct of Prince Napoleon, who first fanned the fire at Florence, and then tried to extinguish it. As time went on, everything turned out worse and worse for the hopes of Italy, and for the secret wishes of her great protector. The successes of the Garibaldians were, to say the least, equivocal, and the attempted insurrection in Rome itself was an absurd failure. A sudden and overwhelming uprising on the Seven Hills—an extraordinary amount of energy and daring displayed by the King of Italy, might, it is just possible, have forced the not unwilling hand of the French Emperor. No happy accident came to his assistance. The Catholic party in France, always far stronger than Englishmen like to remember, was wild with excitement. The Nuncio threatened to demand his pass-

ports. The legislative session was just at hand. The whole affair had the appearance of a fiasco for the Imperial policy, and a new humiliation to France, still smarting from the disgrace of Mexico. There was nothing for it but to sacrifice Italy, and so the order went forth against her, as it had once gone forth for her, "*frappez fort et frappez vite.*"

The circular of General Menabrea, who, be it remembered, has strong Conservative leanings, seems to us very dignified and impressive, although we understand it has not been well received at Florence. Associated with him, as Minister of the Interior, is the Marquis Gualterio, an extremely able man, and exceptionally fortunate in being one of the very few Italian politicians, in whom the more reasonable portion of the Roman ecclesiastics have anything like confidence. He knows minutely the state of parties in Rome, and that is a science by itself, not a very dignified one, assuredly, but one eminently useful to the King's Government at this moment. If any one can work effectually at Rome, it will be he. The great difficulty in the way is the Pope himself. People fancy that the Pope *reigns*, while Antonelli *rules*, but that is a mere delusion. All that has

happened in recent years is attributable to the Pope personally. He, and he alone, is the mainspring of his own Government. He, and he alone, is responsible for the policy of resistance *à outrance*. The reasonable probability that another man so intolerably obstinate does not exist, even in the College of Cardinals, is, when combined with the hope that another might see the wisdom of retreating, at the very commencement of his reign, from a false position which was not of his own making, the ground on which many good observers have prophesied that a favourable change in the relations of Italy to the Head of the Church might be looked for after the next Conclave. We wish we could persuade ourselves that anything is to be hoped, for the present, from direct negotiations between Rome and Italy.

If the Emperor of the French would be only too happy to have his hand forced, in a creditable manner, the assembling of a conference is perhaps to be desired, although we can quite understand the dislike entertained by Ministers responsible for the policy of their respective countries, to entering upon negotiations, without any definite basis. If the Emperor's dispositions are really such as we fancy, and if the conference

could be assembled, it might result, if not in confining the sovereignty of the Pope to the Leonine City (which must, we think, be the ultimate solution of the present difficulty), at least in limiting the exercise of his sovereign rights to the city of Rome itself. It used to be urged against this plan, that it would be unfair to the Romans; but they have shown so little conduct or courage in recent events, that no one need pause long to consider them. More difficult are the questions which would arise about the relations between the new Government and the ecclesiastical corporations which hold property in the Campagna; but if the more decisive plan cannot yet be adopted, the one suggested would at least be a step in advance. It is of course easy for highly impartial persons to say that Rome belongs to the whole world, and not to Italy. So, in a certain sense, it undoubtedly does; but the desire to possess Rome is a real political force in Italy, and it is not a political force elsewhere. Supposing even that a crusading spirit could be excited throughout the Catholic world, in favour of the temporal power, the only result would be to light up the flames of religious strife throughout the globe; and few would, we think, have much doubt as to what would

be the result of recommencing the contest which was closed by the Peace of Westphalia.

The Pope will, no doubt, retain for some time to come his position as a sovereign, with all the rights which it implies, and more especially with the right of representation at the courts of other sovereigns; but if Italy is not to be once more broken up, she *must* have Rome. It is only to Rome that Turin, Naples, or Milan will permanently bow. The determination not to be satisfied till they have won it, is with the populations of these and other cities a fixed idea. What is gained, then, by demonstrating ever so clearly that Florence is in many respects better suited for a capital? Of course it is. No sensible man denies that; although Florence is not itself pre-eminently suited for a capital. But there are such things as national hallucinations over which reason can exert no power. A city, many parts of which are deadly for months in the year, with narrow irregular streets, and in the middle of a wilderness, is certainly not the capital which we should wish for Italy. The magic of the name is, however, irresistible, and must be considered as a fixed point, with reference to which other things must be settled.

If Italy lives and grows strong, we cannot doubt that Rome will fall, before very long, into her grasp. How this will happen we have not the remotest idea; but it is easy to imagine half a dozen combinations which would fulfil her hopes; and not easy to imagine any, consistent with her continuing to exist, which would baffle them for very long. To our first question, then, we think we may answer, Yes. If Italy is not once more broken up, as she might have been if she had gone to war with France a few weeks ago, she will in all probability complete her unity before any very considerable time has elapsed. Of course, if the pamphlet bearing the title *Napoleon III. and Europe in* 1867, really emanates from an official source, and if the admirable sentiments, with regard to Germany, which that most remarkable paper contains, are allowed to mould the policy of France, Italy will lose one chance of a speedy fulfilment of her aspirations. No one, however, can doubt that the writer was speaking his own views about Germany, and merely echoing, with regard to Italy, the views which he thought would "go down" with the French people. The appearance of this most noteworthy document may be an additional reason for not expecting, from a

conference, much help towards the settlement of the Roman question,—may be a good reason for believing that the Emperor is *not* prepared just at present to allow his hand to be forced. Italy has, however, only to bide her time. *Fata viam invenient.*

If the prospects held out to Europe in this pamphlet can be realised, Italy, like all the other members of our political State-system, will gain so much that she may be well content to sacrifice even Rome, for a while. Important as it is for us all, that her unity should be secured by the key-stone being placed in the arch, the completion of German unity, without a terrible war between Germany and France, is incomparably more important.

The second of our questions, although far wider than the first, is easier to answer, for the answer to it can be less affected by the chapter of accidents.

In attempting, however, to answer it, we are immediately struck by one unexpected fact. Hundreds of intelligent men traverse Italy every year, yet there exists no such thing as a book of travels through Italy which has any political value. There are good works on some few districts, of which M. Gallenga's *Country Life in Piedmont* is quite the best, and should be put

in a class by itself. There are admirable specimens of the best kind of *tourist* writing, such as Gregorovius's charming sketches in *Figuren* and elsewhere, or Stahr's *Ein Jahr in Italien*, to say nothing of older books, like those of Forsyth or Stendhal. There are charming novels of Italian life in its various phases, like *Transformation* or *Doctor Antonio;* there are poems like many of Browning's, which contain the very quintessence of Italy; but of books attempting to give a serious account of the political, social, and economical condition of the whole country, as the recent revolutions have made it, we know none. The misguided Briton, anxious to inform himself about modern Italy, would naturally turn to Mr. Weld's recent book on Florence, to Dean Alford's *Letters*, to Mr. Burgon's *Letters*, to the pages of Mr. Maguire, to Mrs. Gretton's *Englishwoman in Italy*, and other similar publications, as well as to the reports of our Consuls and Secretaries of Legation; but when he had examined them all, he would find that he had gained very little. Of historical information as to late events, there is of course abundance; but the books in which it is conveyed give us scanty helps towards forming any opinion with regard to the

future. Over some regions there broods a darkness that may be felt. Where are we to go for recent information about Southern Italy? There is the amusing volume of Mr. Lear, now twenty years old, and there are works dealing with isolated questions, like the treatises of Marc Monnier on Brigandage, and on the Camorra; but no one since the days of Keppel Craven, or perhaps we ought to say of Swinburne, has gone, so to speak, seriously about the matter of a journey in Southern Italy.

Mr. Bunbury has pointed out that we have no work upon classical Italy, at all corresponding to Leake's or Dodwell's books on Greece, and we are just as badly off for a description of the Italy of to-day, that shall be as good in its line. Surely this state of things ought not to continue. Surely it would be worth while for a London publisher to send some competent person, already well acquainted with the country, to spend a couple of years in it, and to write a real book of travels.

Having thus called the attention of our readers to the dearth of information on Italy of the kind required in order fully to answer our second question, we shall proceed to answer it as well as we can, not without a

hope that our deficiencies may incite others to engage in a task for which some of the numerous *Inglesi Italianati*, who are happily not now, as in Ascham's time, *diavoli incarnati*, have clearly special facilities.

The population of the kingdom of Italy is variously estimated by competent authorities. Mr. Brown, the author of an elaborate paper in the *Statistical Journal* for June 1866, estimates it at 22,386,000 on the first of January in that year; but we must now add the population of the Venetian provinces, which still belonged to Austria when that paper was published.

"The Roman provinces, and Venice alone," says Mr. Brown, "would add 2,976,218, very nearly three millions of inhabitants, and 35,672 square kilometres of territory, which, with the remainder, gives a total estimated territory of 333,768 square kilometres, and 26,633,000 inhabitants."

The density of the population of Italy is only surpassed, in Europe, by that of England, the Netherlands, and Belgium; but it is very unequally distributed—Lombardy being the most thickly, and Sardinia the most thinly, peopled portion of Victor Emmanuel's dominions.

This large population, which has still about one-

third of the territory on which it is placed to bring into cultivation, is extremely homogeneous; presenting, in this respect, a most remarkable contrast to the great empire with which it was so recently involved in long and desperate hostilities.

Homogeneous, however, as it is, there are numerous differences between the people of the mainland and the islands, of the North and of the South, to which the politician must give heed. The very fact of Italy's extending over nine degrees of latitude causes, in the nature of things, very considerable diversity of disposition between the dwellers in the extremities of the country; and the numerous geognostic contrasts of the Peninsula give rise to all kinds of contrasts in the conditions of life. The dweller in the cold and lofty region which stretches to the south-east from the Lago di Celano, dwells in a different world from his more fortunate neighbours in the bright Campanian bays; and not only is the contrast between the skyey influences under which the Piedmontese of Alessandria and the Calabrian of Reggio live, extremely great, but the contrasts of Piedmont and of Calabria themselves are hardly less remarkable. It is with Italian character as it is with Italian dialects: there are no

generic differences, but the specific differences are endless.

Nearly three thousand recorded years of active and stirring history have thrown into Italy unnumbered foreign elements. The forests of Germany, the steppes of Russia, and the Pusztas of Hungary, not less than the shores of Greece, Asia Minor, and Spain, have poured their children into a land, which was so long the meeting-place of the world, without essentially varying the character of its inhabitants, but not without very considerably modifying it. The same may be said of the language, with regard to which the tendency of modern research seems, ever more and more, to lead us to the opinion that the speech which has become the modern Italian is more truly the sister than the daughter of the speech of Cicero and Caesar.

The Italian statesman who ponders on the future of his country may then, at starting, congratulate himself upon having to deal with these elements of strength and prosperity :—*First*, a large and increasing population. *Secondly*, a vast extent of productive land not yet brought into cultivation. *Thirdly*, unity amidst diversity, a people with a common thread of

history, broken by none of those rifts which tend to increase as civilisation advances.

So far, then, the prospects of Italy are decidedly good. And next we come to ask what are its agricultural, industrial, and commercial resources for playing the part of a great State?

Italy is above all things an agricultural country. Let us then look first at its agriculture. On the whole, the Italian peasant cannot be said to be indolent. The conditions of open-air labour in his country are very different from those of ours; and the tourist often allows himself to be misled into fancying that the Tuscan's or Lombard's industry is inferior in degree, when it is only different in kind, from that of the English labourer. In most districts, landed property is very much subdivided, and in most districts the character of the soil and of the climate are alike favourable to subdivision. Mr. Mill, quoting Chateauvieux and Sismondi, draws a highly favourable picture of the métayer system in Tuscany, where land is held in larger masses than in nearly any other part of Italy; and, indeed, relies to a great extent upon the data which he collects with regard to the working of that system in Tuscany, for the favourable estimate which

he gives of it, in opposition to Arthur Young and others, who had studied it chiefly in France.

The things that are most wanted for the amelioration and extension of Italian agriculture are *security*, *salubrity*, *capital* and *science*.

There are few parts of the country where the want of the first does not strike one most painfully. In vast regions of the Peninsula the population is huddled together in miserable little mountain towns, instead of living among the fields which it cultivates. The sort of life which is led there is amusingly described by M. About, and in many pages of Mr. Lear. Things are about at their worst in Sicily, where the husbandman has often to go miles and miles to his work.

Other large districts have the additional curse of malaria. The vast fields of the Roman Campagna and of the Tuscan levels are reaped by hardy peasants from the hills, who go forth as if to battle, and return with hardly fewer casualties. Pius VI. decreed that a large portion of the Agro Romano should be cultivated every year. Pius VII. went still further, and insisted that the proprietors of the estates near Rome should form a zone of cultivation round the city, and extend it year by year, till the whole Campagna was covered.

Succeeding Popes, and notably Pius IX., have allowed these good plans to be abandoned. M. About's remedy is a simple one, and at least worth trying. Break up, he cries, the huge unprofitable estates of the Campagna, mostly held in mortmain. Lease them to those same peasants who come down to cultivate them in the spring and autumn, and try whether by the extension of cultivation they will not soon cause malaria to vanish before them.

The scene of the first decade of Livy, which occupies so many unprofitable hours of studious English youth, belongs, according to the same authority, to one hundred and thirteen families, and sixty-four corporations. M. About's plan, if carried into effect, would, we fully believe, bring back human life to Veii and Fidenae and Gabii, and all those world-famous villages. Similar measures would, as population increases, be effectual even in regions less favourably situated than that which one overlooks from the tower of the Capitol. The Pontine Marshes themselves are not more deadly, now, than was the Val di Chiana in the days of Dante.

Capital is hardly less necessary; but whence is it to come? The Italian, who has something to lose,

hates speculation, and will rather live idle on a pittance than work for a fortune. Till recently, the state of the country has not been such as to attract foreign wealth, nor has the experience of those English capitalists, who have sunk money in Italy, been hitherto very encouraging.

Alike in warring against fever, and in improving agriculture, the aid of science is much required by Italy. There are districts where the amount of produce sent to market per acre is enormous, and where the skill, that comes of experience, is very great, but then there are others of which the very reverse may be said. There are districts which cannot be cultivated for want of irrigation. There are districts where manure is hardly ever used. There are districts where, as in the Agro Romano, cultivation is "a passing accident." Whatever may be the merits of the métayer system in its effects on the happiness of the population, as compared with the system of paid labour, it is obvious that a very high state of general education is necessary for its efficient working, otherwise the views of comparatively enlightened landlords will be continually thwarted by the old-world ways of the cultivators.

There is in Murray's *Handbook for Southern Italy* an interesting sketch of the agriculture of the old Neapolitan provinces, with its three divisions into the *mountain* system, the *Campanian* system, and the system of the *Tavoliere*, a perusal of which will show the reader how much that favoured region has yet to learn.

Throughout Italy the cereals are, as elsewhere, the chief objects of cultivation. She imports a large part of the bread-stuffs which she consumes, but she also exports wheat to a considerable amount. Lupins and beans of many kinds are much grown, and form a considerable part of the food of the population. The fig is largely cultivated, so are the chestnut, the almond, the carouba, the orange, the lemon, and the manna-ash. The products of all these trees form a considerable element in the exports of Italy. Cotton has been tried in many parts of the south, and Mr. Dennis speaks very highly of the results obtained by its cultivation in Sicily. Liquorice-root and saffron are both exported in some quantities, and the growth of tobacco, if it were not checked by unwise legislation, might soon be very considerable. More important are the olive, the mulberry, and the vine. Oil is very

largely exported from Liguria, and from Southern Italy. The silkworm is produced in immense quantities, in many districts, and the vine is at home almost everywhere. It is remarkable that during the last few years every one of these most important factors of national wealth has been attacked by widespread and mysterious diseases. More careful management will, there is no doubt, make them indefinitely more profitable. The oil-presses now used in the south are said to be little improved since Roman times. The growth of the mulberry was long checked in the Neapolitan provinces by fiscal burdens, and it is only quite recently that anything like serious attention has been given to obtaining a high quality of wine for the foreign market. Already, however, some excellent growths have been produced. The White Falernian, which is sold by the Roman wine-merchants at three francs a bottle, and could, we have little doubt, be sold in England at a lower figure, is an excellent wine. So is one of the growths of Capri, and at least two varieties of Lachryma. Piedmont could furnish half a dozen wines, which would probably be liked better in this country than its delicate and agreeable grape cider, the White Asti. The wines of Tuscany have

always seemed to us inferior to their reputation, but that may arise from accident. The Oreto, and other Sicilian wines, drunk near the spots where they are produced, are very good, and we have tasted in Rome a wine of Syracuse which was equal to the nectar of the gods. Marsala, the Sicilian product best known in England, has no claim to high rank among Sicilian wines, as they might be; but a powerful British colony reigns in the ancient Lilybaeum, and their second-rate manufacture is naturally pushed into a prominence which it could hardly expect to sustain, if soils more favourable to the growth of delicate wines were more largely put under vine cultivation, and managed on proper principles.

Although some progress has been made of late, a great deal has yet to be done before the rearing of stock is properly understood. M. About tells us, that in the Roman States permission was refused to found a society for the encouragement of agriculture, and that its promoters had to carry out their dangerous designs, under pretext of contributing to a horticultural exhibition. Things are not so bad elsewhere, but the Neapolitan Government may be trusted to hav blundered in this respect, as in all others; and in fac

the number of horned cattle in the provinces which were cursed by its rule, is far inferior to what it should be, while the breeding of horses, instead of being fostered, was long discouraged by a tax on their exportation.

Italy, like most countries of Southern Europe which have been long inhabited by civilised or semi-civilised man, has been in far too great a degree denuded of her forests, and a necessary condition of her attaining the highest agricultural development will be their replantation and scientific management. Thus only can a host of evils, which are common to her with her two sister peninsulas, be prevented or palliated.

In estimating the material resources of Italy, it is impossible to pass over the excellence of the spring and winter climate in many parts of the country. Already these natural advantages attract every year to her shores a large amount of foreign wealth, and diffuse civilisation through numerous regions which are very far removed from her intellectual and political centres.

San Remo, a writer in the *Spectator* once observed, will become the winter garden of Europe, and we are much inclined to think that he is right; but there are a hundred other points which have probably also a

great future. It must not be forgotten that, with the exception of Spezia (the *Lunai portus* of Ennius and Persius), and the immediate neighbourhood of Naples, hardly any of the places which were famous in classical times, for their climate, have yet been tried by the northerns. Taranto, for example, and the neighbourhood of the ancient Velia, which lies some twenty miles to the south of Paestum, may one day have their chance.

Again, in her works of art, her libraries, her state and family archives, and in her historical recollections, Italy has, so to speak, a vast fixed capital, which is capable of being worked to a far greater extent than has ever been done yet. Till our own day an Italian tour was a privilege of the higher classes. Before long it will become, to the whole of the Transalpine middle class, a necessary incident of human life. The spread of education, the abolition of the ridiculous superstition which valued the classics only for their difficulty, thereby introducing into the domain of education what Bastiat has so well called *Sisyphism*, will enormously increase the real interest of the world in the events of which the Mediterranean has been the theatre. Italy should prepare for this. At present her scholarship is

beneath contempt. Many of her works of art are going to ruin. In the case of few of them is there that systematic care taken to smooth the path of the student and the traveller, which would pay so well. When she obtains Rome she might perhaps do worse than to turn the whole of the district cut off between the foot of the Capitol and the gates of St. Sebastian, St. Paul, and St. John, into a vast park, every corner of which should be examined with as much care as is now being expended on the Palatine, and in which every scrap of old masonry should be tended with the most religious care. Nor would it, we think, be unwise to convert the palace of the Senator on the Capitol into an institution where lectures on Latin literature, history, and art should be delivered by the ablest professors whom money could buy; or to bring the maximum of diplomatic pressure to bear upon the Pope, to induce him to throw open the Vatican library and archives to students. We cannot think that even the cares of that terrible time can excuse M. Mazzini for not having done more in this direction while the Roman Republic was in life.

No part of the Italian territory is likely to gain more than Sicily from a due attention to the comfort

of travellers. When the railway is finished from Naples to the toe of the boot, it will be a very easy matter to reach Messina, and the whole coast from Messina to Syracuse is a garden of delight. In the good times that are coming, when real classical culture has superseded the laborious trifling which now wastes the time and enfeebles the intellect of our youth, we may be sure that this island, the records of which are so closely intertwined with so much that is affecting in the history, so much that is graceful in the mythology, so much that is charming in the poetry of the ancient world, will become a favourite place of relaxation for busy men who wish to recruit their energies for the struggles of an active and progressive society.

From a consideration of the riches above, we pass to those below the surface, but here the report must be less favourable. Italy is not rich in minerals. The sulphur of Sicily, the borax of Tuscany, marbles and alabaster, are her most remarkable products of this nature. In coal she is peculiarly unfortunate. This is, we need not say, a serious misfortune, and one that must be taken into consideration by every one who speculates upon her national future.

If we turn from coal to iron, another great factor

of nineteenth-century prosperity, the position of Italy does not seem much more brilliant. Her iron production stands to that of Great Britain as 1 to 123, and the consumption of iron, per head of population, as 6.5 kilogrammes to 77; and although we gather from a report of a commission appointed by the Italian Government to inquire into the subject, which has been analysed for the Foreign Office by Mr. Herries, that by adopting proper measures the production of iron may be increased in Italy, yet there seems to be no hope that the increase will be anything very remarkable.

Italy has not yet shown any great capacity for manufacturing enterprise on a large scale, nor is there anything to lead us to suppose that she is likely ever to do so, so far as the commoner and coarser articles are concerned.

On the other hand, she has probably a very great future as a producer of art manufactures. Already the jewellers' work of Rome, the mosaics of Florence, together with the manufacture of plaster-casts, bronzes, and other copies from the antique, must bring large profits. Very beautiful majolica has been of late years produced at Florence, although the once celebrated

Faënza now sends forth from her still considerable establishments only coarse and common ware.

The glass manufacture of Venice is again flourishing, as every one who walks down St. James's Street may see, and it is satisfactory to observe that many by no means likely places were represented this year in the Paris Exhibition.

Nearly four thousand Italian exhibitors sent articles to Paris, and the effort made by them can hardly be without good results in stimulating industry. We fully expect to see, when Italy is once fairly launched, not only a greatly increased attention to art manufactures, but a revival in the higher branches of art, and an outburst of mechanical and engineering talent.

Italy is, in some respects, very favourably situated for the development of commercial activity on a scale suitable to our age. Stretching out "like a long pier" towards India and the Eastern Archipelago, she forms part of a highway between the European and Asiatic possessions of England and the Netherlands, and will make both these countries subservient to her prosperity. Again, her extent of seaboard is so great as to afford quite exceptional facilities for rearing a maritime population, and establishing a vigorous coasting trade.

Against this latter advantage, we must, however, set her comparative poverty in good harbours.

The day will no doubt come, when flourishing communities will once more line the African shore, and when a far brisker trade, than it has yet known, will enliven the Mediterranean. Of this trade Italy, from her position, will certainly have the lion's share.

In 1864 there were 10,850 sailing vessels belonging to the Italian kingdom, with a tonnage of 664,000; 3900 belonged to Venetia and Istria, with a tonnage of 315,000. The Roman ports had only 200, with a tonnage of 4700. More than half the vessels set down as belonging to the kingdom were under forty tons, but in addition there were 6000 fishing-boats.

Since the Revolution, the number of vessels built has shown but little tendency to increase.

In 1860 were built	.	.	198 vessels.
„ 1861 „	.	.	216 „
„ 1862 „	.	.	215 „
„ 1863 „	.	.	215 „

There seems reason, however, to believe that the newer vessels are larger than those formerly built, which may explain the apparent want of elasticity in this trade.

As the eye glances along the shores of Italy, it falls upon very few points which seem destined to play an extraordinarily brilliant part in the commercial movement of the future. Genoa will probably rise again, though rather from her connection with the West than with the East. She will have her fair share in the trade of the outer basin of the Mediterranean, and no doubt Torelli is right in supposing that the completion of the lines of isthmus transit in Central America will be useful to a port which has extended commercial relations on the Pacific seaboard. She has, however, it must not be forgotten, a powerful rival in the mighty Marseilles. Neither Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, nor Naples is so situated as to obtain a first-rate commercial position. Palermo, Messina, and perhaps even Syracuse, have a good but not a great time coming. Venice has no chance whatever against Trieste, and even Fiume may, in the distant future, have a better right, as far as mercantile importance is concerned, to call herself the Queen of the Adriatic. Ancona will rise, in proportion as civilisation begins to triumph in the eastern Peninsula, and good government repairs the ravages of Papal rule, but Brindisi has, it would seem, a far

greater probability of eminence than any one of her more famous sisters. The wheel has come full circle, and the *Journey to Brundisium* will soon become a familiar idea in many English homes. It was with a kind of start that we lately heard a friend speak of accompanying a relative, going to India, as far as that once famous seaport, which has so long passed out of the ordinary thoughts of all except its nearest neighbours. And yet in a very short time Brindisi will be, for all practical purposes, nearer to London than Aberdeen was a quarter of a century ago.

The coasting and transit trade of Italy both require to be aided by numerous railways—one system running lengthways through the Peninsula, the other crossing it, and tapping the rich plains on either side of the Apennines.

We gather from the *Statistical Tables relating to Foreign Countries*, laid before Parliament last year, some interesting details with regard to Italian commerce. In 1863, the best customer of Italy would seem to have been France, but England was not very far behind; and it must not be forgotten that many articles of merchandise, entered as exported to France, found their way to this country. Austria is also a

large buyer in the Italian market, and it is believed that when the tariff reduction now proceeding in that country is brought to a close, the trade between the two old enemies will largely increase.

In 1863, Italy sent to England wine to the estimated value of 1,100,000 lire, vast quantities of sulphur, and large amounts of dye and tanning stuff, oranges, lemons, and olive-oil. Less considerable were the imports of rags, seed, liqueurs, chemicals, manna, soda, cheese, hides, brass, and copper, lead and common pottery, etc. etc.

Norway and Sweden took a great quantity of Italian marine salt, while Turkey bought rock salt and rice, pretty largely.

South America imported, above all things, oranges, lemons, and rice. Spain, robbing the naked, received great consignments of charcoal and firewood. Russia, more especially marble.

From France, Italy received in 1863 imports to the estimated value of	285,409,211 lire.
From England . . .	216,277,120 „
From Switzerland . . .	100,830,228 „

Most of these imports were entered for home consumption. Indeed, nearly the whole of the two first

mentioned were so entered. The imports from Russia, Holland, and Turkey were also considerable, though trifling compared with the above. Then come Tunis, Tripoli, South and Central America. The largest expenditure was for silk, colonial produce, corn, meal, flour, and cotton.

The immense development of the railway system in recent years has been one of the most active agents of Italian unity. You cannot have a war, even for a "stolen bucket," if the enemy lives at the next station; and Bologna and Modena forget their feuds, while the Florentine is content to let Capraja and Gorgona stay where nature placed them, unmoved by the hope of working woe to Pisa.

The great line of European communication which goes south-east from Turin, receives tributary streams from Genoa, Milan, and Venice. Running down on the Adriatic coast, it throws out a branch to Ravenna, making more accessible that "place of old renown," and, we hope, inducing more travellers to visit a city which is surpassed in interest by very few in Europe. Those who have felt the thrill of astonishment which is excited by seeing, in San Vitale, the mosaics of Justinian and Theodora, will be unwilling to lose any

opportunity of urging others to share in the surprises which are afforded by this wondrous link between the old and the new, where dead names like Honorius, Galla Placidia, Odoacer and Theodoric become at once living realities.

Leaving Castel Bolognese, the junction for Ravenna, the line runs on across the Rubicon to Rimini and Ancona, then follows the coast to Brindisi, and passes on to Lecce, whence it will be prolonged to Gallipoli.

On the other side, there is a gap between Nice and Voltri, which involves a *vetturino* journey of at least three days along the Western Riviera, nor is the communication yet open by rail from Genoa to Spezia; but from that town the line is finished to Lucca and Leghorn, and thence by the Maremma to Rome, and from Rome on to Naples, Salerno and Eboli. A single day now takes you from Ancona to Rome, and from Rome to Florence by Arezzo. No long time will, we hope, elapse before the rail from Sienna to Rome is finished, and the comfort of the traveller will be even more promoted by the completion of the Corniche line. For the country, perhaps what we ought chiefly to wish is the completion of the links between Naples and Foggia, and between Eboli and

Bari. Indeed, every additional mile of railway communication which can be laid down in the old Neapolitan States is an additional guarantee for the prosperity of Italy, and the dominion of the house of Savoy. The unfortunate condition of the finances is, of course, a sad drawback. All the more important works on the line between the French frontier and Genoa have been long since completed, and the rails are lying in vast heaps ready to be placed, but, for the time, it appears that nothing can be done.

The great Alpine line across the Brenner is now in full operation, and the completion of the Savoy tunnel may be looked for early in the seventies. Meanwhile, the Fell railway over the Cenis will effect a great saving, in time as well as in wear and tear.

Italy will obviously play a considerable part as a centre of distribution. It is therefore very satisfactory that she has taken an early opportunity of putting herself "*en règle avec la civilisation*," by adopting through the law of June 29, 1861, the metric system of weights and measures, which, although far enough from being, as some enthusiasts suppose, the flower and crown of human sagacity, is at least more likely than any other to obtain general recognition. In a

matter of this kind sensible men will prefer to seize a clear and obvious improvement which lies near at hand, rather than to waste their time in pursuing the phantom of a perfection which will certainly never be reached in our time.

The substitution of the *lira*, equivalent to the French franc, for the cumbrous coinage of a few years ago, with the attendant endless troubles of exchange, is a great comfort to the traveller. In this respect, as in all others, the Pope's Government maintains its *Non possumus*, and an island of confusion and monetary barbarism has, therefore, to be traversed on the road from Florence to Naples.

Post-office arrangements have very much improved of late years, but there is still abundant work for the amending hand. We trust, but cannot venture to say, that anything like the confusion of the Neapolitan post-office, as it was in the days of Bomba of blessed memory, could not now be seen in any large city of Italy.

The telegraph, which has been pushed in all directions since the annexations, is continually increasing the power of the central government, and the tendency towards a real unity.

Much also has been done towards bringing people together by the disuse of the irritating passport system. A traveller from England will probably now not be asked for his papers till he arrives at Orte, the point where the chief line of communication from the north enters the territory of the Pope. There they will be taken from him, and returned a couple of stations off, at Correse.

Although neither the army nor the navy of the new kingdom has been, up to the present time, extraordinarily successful, nothing has occurred which can lend any support to the allegation that warlike virtues are dead in Italy. There seems no reason to doubt, that both by sea and land the forces of Victor Emmanuel will be competent to all tasks that can fairly be thrown on them. At present both, although reduced, are still upon too large a scale to be permanently maintained, and the earliest opportunity will, we trust, be taken further to diminish both. If once the Roman difficulty is settled, a half-military police force might with advantage supply in the Southern districts, and in Sicily, the place of a larger number of troops. The navy might be reduced within very narrow limits, without

in any way affecting the interests of the country, and the whole question of conscription might be reconsidered.

There is a great deal of wealth in Italy—far more than is generally supposed; but it lies to a great extent idle, from the want of confidence which so generally prevails. The Government finds it very difficult to get at this wealth, either by direct or by indirect taxation, for the first is extremely unpopular, and the second is easily escaped, by a nation which is saving and abstinent to a degree which Englishmen find it hard to understand.

The state of the finances is, as every one knows, very far indeed from being satisfactory, but few perhaps realise how very serious is the state of affairs, or how thoroughly true is the remark, that what Italy before all things wants at this moment is a great financier.

The latest accounts represent the sale of the Church property, which began towards the end of October, as proceeding in a highly satisfactory manner. The prices realised on many lots seem to have exceeded the official estimate by from 50 to 100 per cent; and we are informed by a writer in the

Chronicle,[1] a newspaper whose Italian information is always of great importance, that competent persons think, on the whole, that Italy will, "beyond all doubt," secure the 400,000,000 lire for which she asks. This will be a great help, but whether it will enable the country to weather the lee-shore of financial disaster, will remain for some time a question much easier asked than answered.

Turning from the material to the moral resources of Italy, we observe that she has one most conspicuous advantage for playing a great part in the world. There is, throughout her population, a most remarkable diffusion of ready and available talent. Really stupid people are by no means common in this land of quick sympathies. On the other hand, the misrule of centuries has done whatever it could to counteract the blessings of nature. There are counties in Sicily and the south, to say nothing of Sardinia, which are simply barbarous. Roads, bridges, and all the elementary apparatus of civilisation, are almost wholly wanting. The religion is in name that of Pascal and Massillon, but in reality a cross between

[1] A weekly paper of those days, first cousin to the too short-lived *Home and Foreign Review*.

Christianity and the old heathen mythology, degraded into Fetichism. How little effect it has in restraining the population from the worst excesses, the world saw in the recent cholera panic. Even, however, in places which are tolerably civilised, the iron yoke of the Church and of the State has crushed out anything like life amongst the people. Read Mrs. Gretton's sketches of life in Macerata, which has long had the reputation of being a kind of provincial capital, "affording the attractions of good society." Read the early life of Leopardi. Is it possible to conceive anything more dreary? Turn to the recently-published Memoirs of Massimo d'Azeglio, a book, by the way, which our critics have surely overpraised, and see the kind of bringing up which most of the men of a certain age had, even in what we are now accustomed to think of as the progressive Piedmont, but which, it is fair to remember, was, at least up to the accession of Charles Albert, by no means in advance of its neighbours. The wonder is not that commonplace, and the kind of vulgarity which is so admirably photographed in Mr. Browning's *Up in a Villa, down in the City*, are so common, but that there is anything better to be found. Religion,

instead of being the promoter of all enlightenment and good works in Italy, has been the prime cause of her worst misfortunes, and it is really not surprising that the "Reds" have transferred their hatred of those who have made it what it is, to things and ideas which, in societies where the priesthood is weak, could never be the object of attack. It is the clergy who are responsible for one of the greatest curses of Italy—the abject ignorance of the women in every rank of life.

It is the clergy who are responsible for having driven the men to the wretched frivolous *café* life, by barring all those outlets which stood open for the youth of Protestant Germany, even when the rule of the State was the sternest. Their sway has been as nearly as possible simply evil. The climate, and not they, has given the Italian his one conspicuous virtue—temperance.

It is natural for English readers to ask whether the political opposition to the policy of the Pope in Italy has resulted in any weakening of his spiritual authority. The answer must be in the affirmative. His spiritual authority is very seriously weakened.

There are, at this moment, at least half a dozen

movements in Italy which threaten trouble to the Roman Church. First, there is an uneasy movement among its own ecclesiastics, now taking one form, now another, and constantly bringing to the surface new names.

How far this movement is likely to lead to speedy results, it is very difficult to say. The thousands of priests, who we were told a few years ago were ready to follow Passaglia, have melted away before our eyes. The power of the hierarchy is so great and so organised, that it can generally crush clerical recusants without difficulty. Italian priests are, for the most part, excessively poor, and to quarrel with their bishops is to expose themselves to the danger of starvation. There can be no doubt, however, that there is an enormous amount of secret and half-stifled discontent, that may at any time lead to a serious outbreak within the Church, in the name of ideas, which, although carefully avoiding the name of Protestantism, would have certain features about them which Protestants could only contemplate with satisfaction.

To encourage and assist any such tendencies would appear to be the principal object of an English association of clergymen and clericising laymen,

called the "Anglo-Continental Society," the Annual Report of which, published by Rivingtons, is worth consulting by those who are curious about Italian affairs.

These gentlemen distribute largely throughout Italy the works of Andrewes, Pearson, Ken, Dr. Pusey, King Kamehameha IV., and other writers of unimpeachable Anglican orthodoxy. It is still with them the day of small things, but they are very zealous, are largely patronised by the episcopate, and spend their thirteen hundred a year in an innocuous if not very useful manner. Their most active agent would seem to be Count Commendatore Tasca of Seriate, whose report for 1866 contains some noticeable accounts of not unsuccessful attempts to distribute Anglican books in Northern Italy.

The following passage, from one of the documents published by it, shows very clearly the ground which this society takes up:—

"We shall be very careful that our agents confine themselves to their legitimate work, that of enlightening and forming the minds of the members of the National Church with a view to the internal reformation of that Church. We shall not allow them to form or to minister to congregations separated from

the National Church, because we believe that this implies the idea of setting up a new Church, into which men may transfer themselves from the present historical Church, whereas our object is to purify the existing organisation, and we do not think it right in principle, or expedient as a matter of policy, either to make the chimerical attempt of instituting a new Church, with the view of absorbing the Italian people, or to establish or help in maintaining unattached and irregular congregations. This we believe to be the essential point of difference between ourselves and all other bodies of the like nature, and we do not shrink from calling to it the attention of the attached and instructed members of the Church of England as a special reason for their support. We do not seek the destruction of the Italian Church, but its deliverance from Papal thraldom, and its constitution as an independent National Church under its own bishops and archbishops, its restoration in matters of doctrine to the purity of the primitive Church. We believe that the combined powers of political exigency and enlightened theological opinion are fast leading to a state of national feeling through which this hope may be realised."

Altogether unconnected with this society are the Waldensian Missions, supported partly by the Waldensian Church (which has, since the liberal political movement got fairly hold of Piedmont, enjoyed full liberty), but partly also by subscriptions in Holland, Scotland, and other Protestant countries. The last account which we have seen of these is a small pamphlet published last year by Mr. Bracebridge, the honorary secretary of the Waldensian Committee in London. Missionary stations have been established at various points of the Peninsula, and in Sicily; but the results are, we fear, not such as to lead a calm observer to expect the respectable and interesting little Church, which sends them forth, ever very largely to increase the number of its adherents. It is, however, gratifying to observe that, after all its struggles, it now enjoys some repose and consideration, and that one of its principal institutions is established in the old Salviati Palace at Florence.

Unattached to the Waldensian Church, and not perhaps on the best terms with it, but like it in determined hostility to the Church of Rome, are a number of small and scattered congregations which have sprung up in various parts of Italy. By far the best

account which we have met with of them is to be found in Mr. Talmadge's *Letters on the Religious Reform Movements in Italy*. Mr. Talmadge himself evidently inclines to the views of the Anglo-Continental Society, but he writes of these straying sheep without bigotry, and in a fair spirit. His picture of the sectaries, guided as they are by honest but ignorant men, is not encouraging. In most of the congregations there appears to be no small tincture of the ideas of the Plymouth Brethren.

An article on the religious movement in Italy in the fifth or 1861 volume of *Unsere Zeit* is worth consulting, chiefly for its references to works on the Waldensian Church, and on the Italian Protestants generally, which are known to few in England.

Canon Wordsworth's two volumes record a tour made in 1862, for the express purpose of examining into the state of religion in Italy. They prove that there is a considerable amount of interest in questions of religious reformation in *certain isolated circles* in Italy, but they prove nothing more. They may persuade fervent Anglicans, or help them to persuade themselves, that a reformation, such as might be acceptable to Canterbury, is an event which may be looked for

in the shadow of the Vatican; but to come to this conclusion, the reader must open them with his mind more than half made up already.

The efforts of some of our busy and reverend countrymen take an odd direction. We have before us a list of the number of copies of various publications, circulated in Italy by the Religious Tract Society in 1862, 1863, 1864. They amount to 233,967, which must represent no small expenditure of good English gold, though whether the Peninsula is likely to be grateful for the 24,000 copies of the *Sermoni del Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* may perhaps admit of a doubt.

It seems clear that the network of Protestant action is tolerably wide. We find such distant places as Lucca and Barletta, Aosta and Porto-Ferraio included in it; and although the attempts of the foreign evangelisers may often be unskilful enough, yet such is the ignorance of the lower classes, that any troubling of the waters can hardly fail to do good by producing some sort of educational effect. It is something to bring home to the intellect of dead-alive Italian villagers that heretics have neither horns nor claws, although they may slight the saints, and pay scant reverence even to the Madonna.

In some places, as at Naples, the efforts of the missioners seem to take the direction of education. The three R's will probably remain, whatever becomes of the highly-spiced theology; and it is more than probable that without the delight of teaching the Assembly's Shorter Catechism beyond the Garigliano, the good M. Buscarlet might have had no temptation to engage in the useful task of civilising the young savages of the beautiful and hateful city in which he dwells.

Beyond the limits of the Churches we see the action of other, but not less active forces. There are the remains of Voltairianism. There is the materialism which is associated with the names of Carl Vogt and Moleschott; and in Naples, more particularly, there is the movement of religious revolt, which was described some years ago by M. Marc Monnier in an interesting article in the *Revue Germanique*.

A curious product of this school is the work of Rafaele Mariano, entitled *Il Risorgimento Italiano*. This writer, who was a pupil of Vera's, examines first the theory of nationality, and asks whether that can form a basis of national life. "No," he replies, "it cannot. It is contrary to history and to reason. Italy must not attempt to recreate herself on such a

foundation. She must, if she would really live again, become the exponent of a new idea. Only those States can be said to live which initiate."

But independence and unity—surely these are ideas on which a nation may be built? "Not so," says Mariano; "these are mere sterile forms, empty and devoid of life, unless they are animated by a spirit higher than themselves. Spain is as independent as needs be, but is it to be a nation in that sense that Italy aspires?"

Well then, constitutional government, political liberty—can you work no charms with these? "No. Both are excellent, both are invaluable, but out of neither comes the resurrection of a nation."

Material prosperity, again; financial equilibrium—are not these things to strive after? "Undoubtedly they are, but something more than either of them is wanted."

Italy, which, by taking the side of the old against the new in the sixteenth century, stepped aside from the onward march of history, must repair her error, must take liberty of conscience for her leading idea, and make that the central thought of her national life. Rome may or may not be the capital, but there is no

magic in the possession of Rome. There would be magic in the possession of this idea. Has not Hegel said, "Political and religious revolutions are inseparable"? A people which makes a political, and does not make a religious revolution, stops in the middle of its task, and allows an antagonism to remain, which it ought to cause to disappear if it would not be itself overthrown.

The formula, "a free Church in a free State," will not help Italy. She must undergo a complete religious revolution, which shall sweep away as well the old Catholicism as the dreams of Gioberti and such halters between two opinions, and thus build up, on what appears to M. Mariano the one stable foundation, that of Hegelianism, a new and wiser Italy.

In spite of some expressions cited above, there is a good deal in common between the ideas of M. Mariano and the views which the great apostle[1] of Italian nationality has recently laid before the British public, in an article to which he has affixed his signature in the *Westminster Review*. He, too, believes that Italy can only be regenerated by a great idea. He believes that the Papacy, together with all that it symbolises and

[1] Mazzini.

represents, is a worn-out institution, which, great and beneficent in the days of Hildebrand and Innocent III., has been decaying for centuries, and is now a hopeless mass of corruption. Italy must sweep it from the earth, and in the place where it stood build up a new polity, based on the recognition of the *moral law* as the *foundation of all true political science*, a polity in which the idea of *duty* shall take the place of the idea of *right*, and in which, for the obsolete dogmas of Catholicism, shall be substituted a firm and unwavering belief in PROGRESS as the law which guides all the dealings of the Almighty with mankind.

It is strange that this very remarkable paper did not excite more comment in this country, and he would, we think, act unwisely, who, seeing at a glance the small bearing which it has on questions of immediate political interest, were to throw it aside without careful perusal. The following sentences appear to us well worth studying, as the key to the way in which a section of the party of action has all along looked at Italian affairs :—

"My past, present and future labours toward the moral and political regeneration of my country have been, are, and will be governed by a religious idea.

The past, present and future of our rulers has been, is, and will be led astray by materialism.

Now the religious question sums up and dominates every other. Political questions are, necessarily, secondary and derivative.

They who earnestly believe in the supremacy of the moral law as the sole legitimate source of all authority, in a religion of duty of which politics are the application, cannot, through any amount of personal abnegation, act in concert with a Government based on the worship of temporary and material interest.

Our rulers have no great ruling conception; no belief in the supremacy of moral law, no just notion of life, nor of the human unity, no belief in a divinely-appointed goal which it is the duty of mankind to reach through labour and sacrifice. They are materialists; and the *logical consequences* of their want of all faith in God and His law are their substitution of the idea of *interest* for the idea of *duty*, of a paltry notion of *tactics* for the fearless affirmation of the truth, of opportunity for principle."

Italy has not as yet produced any school of critical theologians. The labours of the Germans in this direction have been kept away from the frontier, partly, perhaps, by dislike of the Tedeschi, but still more, we fear, by that want of interest in all questions relating to the Old and New Testaments, which is the common

ground on which the majority of Italians, of nearly all shades of opinion, contrive, by a strange fatality, to meet.

As far back as 1853, Bianchi Giovini, who had long been known as an enemy of the priesthood, published at Zurich his *Critica degli Evangeli.* The book shows considerable reading, but is written in an aggressive style, and in a tone not likely to recommend it. More recently, the *Vie de Jésus* of Renan has sold in enormous numbers, and the denunciations directed against it by the clergy have largely contributed to its popularity and influence.

The work of Montalembert, on Catholic interests in the nineteenth century, called forth from an Italian writer, who uses the *nom de plume* of *Ausonio Franchi*, but whose real name is, we believe, Francesco Bonavino, a treatise called *La Religione del Secolo Decimonono*, which he republished in 1860, with an appendix on the events affecting the Catholic Church between 1853 and 1859. His object is to show the essential opposition of Catholicism and Liberalism. Hence he is the determined enemy of that class of Catholic reformers which says, with Montanelli, "You may be Catholics like Dante, like Savonarola, like

Pascal," bidding the reader take his choice between two camps, the one defended by the "slaves of the Pope, the cavaliers of the Inquisition, and the satellites of the stranger," the other by "the believers in reason, in justice, and in national sovereignty." "*Religione dei primi sarà il simbolo di Nicea, e religione dei secondi la legge dell' Umanità.*"

The reader of these remarks will probably come to the conclusion, that although there can be but little doubt that the recent changes in Italy will result in a powerful and widespread religious movement, it is as yet very difficult, if not impossible, to say what shape that movement will take. At present the attitude of most *men* of the middle and higher classes in Italy towards all religious questions, is one of supreme indifference. The contest about matters of immediate and present temporal importance, about the hearth and the home, has been so great as to disincline people to speculation; and the hatred so generally entertained towards the priesthood has largely increased the disinclination which is felt towards all theological questions. This state of things is hardly likely to be permanent in a race so highly gifted, and already, as we have said, there are indications of a change. Much will, of course, depend

on the direction taken by philosophical and religious thought in England, France, and Germany in the next few years. Italy is not likely, for a long time to come, to be able to *initiate* anything. The chains of Rome have bound her too long and too tightly.

The revival of learning and its attendant enlightenment were not only checked but blasted, south of the Alps, by the counter-Reformation. Whether the cause of intelligence would or would not have prospered more in Northern Europe, under the guidance of men like Colet and Erasmus, than it did under that of the great Saxon reformer, is a question that has been often asked and never satisfactorily answered. If, however, we would see how great a gulf was fixed between the influence even of so repressive a dogmatist as Calvin, and that of the fanatics who obeyed or stimulated the violence of Caraffa, we have only to compare Geneva with Bologna.

It is more than doubtful, if the wave of French conquest had not swept over Italy in the end of the last and the commencement of the present century, whether national life would have awoke even in our day. An Italian ought to understand, perhaps even better than a German, the wonderfully eloquent

passage in the *Reisebilder*, in which Henry Heine describes Napoleon as he appeared transfigured by the youthful imagination of the poet.

The miserable Governments which afflicted nearly the whole of Italy from 1815 to 1859, for the most part positively discouraged education. When they did not do this, they helped it in so feeble and foolish a manner as to do almost more harm than good. In 1847 Piedmont began to move, and soon the strong arm of Cavour pushed forward the good work. By 1859 a tolerable system had been organised in the old provinces of the house of Savoy, and in 1860 and in 1861 it was extended to Tuscany, Naples and Sicily.

The great mine of information as to the present state of education in Italy is the Report addressed by the Vice-President of the Council of Public Instruction, Signor Matteucci, in November 1864, to the then Minister of Education, Baron Natoli. This forms a tolerably large quarto, and was published at Milan in 1865.

It covers the whole field of education, higher, secondary, and elementary, describes their actual state, and suggests improvements in all directions.

Italy had in 1865 fifteen universities, to which

have since been added those of Venetia. She had also at Florence an institution almost ranking with a university. All these were supported to a very great extent by the State, and formed an immense drain on her resources, perhaps as much as £200,000 a year. There were also four free universities, or universities not connected with the State. Great efforts are being made to extend primary education, which is, in the southern provinces more especially, at a frightfully low ebb. It is said that of the whole population of the kingdom, excluding children under five, not more than one-fourth know their A B C.

Lord Taunton's Commission directed Mr. Matthew Arnold to visit Italy, and to report on the state of the higher and secondary education there. We presume he will not tell us that there is much in the present state of that country to excite our envy or admiration. Wide is the interval between Germany and her fair sister of the south. Wide is the interval between the rigid system of France and the *dolce far niente* of Naples; but we are sure Mr. Arnold will have to tell us of able men at the head of affairs, struggling hard with all their might to retrieve past errors, and persuaded that if the higher, secondary

and primary education of their country can once be put on a sound footing, most other things will come right of themselves. Amongst these no one deserves a higher place than M. Matteucci, to whom we have already alluded. Born at Forli in 1811, this distinguished man dedicated the first part of his life to advance science, as he is dedicating the second part of it to extend and organise education. His researches in electro-physiology, and the application of electricity to the arts, have earned him a European reputation. It is right that his more recent labours should not pass unrecorded.

In some of the universities, as at Naples, the students are very numerous, and there is an active intellectual life; but in others the pulse beats very low indeed, and almost everywhere the tendency is to frequent nearly exclusively the professional, as distinguished from the literary or scientific, lectures.

The secondary schools of Italy are numerous, far too numerous, indeed, for the pupils attending them; the level of the instruction is low, the disorganisation great, and the most searching reforms are everywhere required. Here, as elsewhere, all enlightened men are anxiously striving to replace the inefficient teaching of

the classics by an efficient teaching of modern subjects, as well as to reinvigorate and ennoble classical teaching itself, by the introduction of better methods, by making the intelligent study of the literature, the history and the art of the ancient world replace the gerund-grinding and exercise-scribbling of the past. The theological seminaries, which are very numerous, are in a transition state, out of which they will pass probably very much altered in character and tendency.

The modern literature of Italy cannot be called brilliant, but has nevertheless far greater claims to consideration than most Englishmen suppose. The gigantic shadow of the old literature of the Peninsula hides from us the merits of the nineteenth-century writers, as the gigantic shadow of Etna obscures at sunrise the other mountains of Sicily. It had become a proverb that Italy was the "land of the dead," until M. Marc Monnier boldly picked up the gauntlet, and published his admirable little book, *L'Italie est-elle la terre des morts?* In a series of four-and-twenty chapters, written during the war of 1859, but composed of materials collected during a residence of twenty years in Italy, this most agreeable writer gives quite decisive reasons why we should return a negative

answer to the question which forms the title of his book.

After a brief notice of Foscolo, he describes at much greater length the career and works of the Tuscan satirist Giusti, who has been made more familiar than many of his contemporaries, to English readers, by a pleasant book of Miss Horner's. He then notices the Lombard school, Manzoni, Pellico and others. Next comes the Florentine or classical school, which represented the Ghibelline tendency, as the Lombards did the Guelph, and whose greatest name was that of Niccolini. Then he traces the career of the gifted and unhappy Leopardi, which twenty years ago was recounted to our countrymen by an English statesman, in an article which is not even yet forgotten.[1] The historians Troya and Ranieri come in for a share of notice, as does the family of the Poerios, of whom the most celebrated, but by no means the ablest, member lately closed his chequered life amidst the respectful sympathy of Europe. Next follow three chapters upon Naples and Sicily, which are, we will venture to say, full of matter which is quite unfamiliar even to well-read Englishmen. Other

[1] Mr. Gladstone.

chapters are devoted to Guerazzi, to Gioberti, to Rosmini, and to a vast number of other personages, some, like Massimo d'Azeglio and Mazzini, more or less known to us, others, like Mamiani, Dell' Ongaro and Aleardo Aleardi, about whom most people out of Italy know very little, although, by the way, we lately observed a long and elaborate notice of the last in the *North American Review*.

The perusal of this delightful work, of which we remember to have seen only one review of any considerable length in any English periodical, namely in *Fraser's Magazine* for 1861, will, we are sure, convince all who are capable of being convinced, that there is far more literary ability in contemporary Italy than they have been at all accustomed to suppose. M. Marc Monnier's pages are full too of facts which give us good hope for the future. He tells us, for example, that the lower class of Naples, "whose conversation resembles the most obscene pages of Rabelais, is in its songs the saddest and chastest in the world." His chapters on Naples should be read in connection with the article above alluded to, entitled *Naples Hérétique et Panthéiste*, which he contributed, since the publication of the book we are describing, to the *Revue*

Germanique. An unequal but useful little series of biographies, called *I Contemporanei Italiani*, may be consulted for the purpose of supplementing M. Marc Monnier, and one fairly good Italian Review, the *Rivista Contemporanea*, seems to have naturalised itself in a few of the best English clubs and reading-rooms.

The physical sciences, especially those which lie farthest apart from theology, have long had distinguished representatives in Italy; and at the present day even Rome and the "Great Order" itself can boast of one name of first-rate importance, that of Father Secchi, the astronomer.

In the study of her own antiquities, Italy has produced rather *multa* than *multum*, yet even here, towering above respectable names like Visconti, of which there are not a few, we have De Rossi, the investigator of the Catacombs, who takes rank with the Döllingers, the Actons, the Renoufs and the De Bucks, not only in virtue of his vast learning, but also of his scrupulous literary integrity, which no interest even of ecclesiastical party will for an instant turn aside.

Of political philosophers and economists not a few might be named, such as Ferrari, one of the most

brilliant and eccentric of living orators; Ferrara, lately Finance Minister; his predecessor Scialoja; and Carlo Cattaneo, a wild and impracticable politician, but a man of very considerable ability.

We mentioned above the names of two distinguished Romans; but nothing is more melancholy than to observe how little the vast resources of the Roman Church are doing, at its centre, for the promotion even of those departments of learning which have generally been supposed to be ancillary to religion. Among the Cardinals, there are not above two or three who have any pretensions even to classical learning. Amongst the Roman Princes, the name of the accomplished Duke of Sermoneta shines like a light in a dark place. In the swarms of more or less dignified ecclesiastics which crowd round the Vatican, there are hardly any of the slightest intellectual merit. Rational ideas are kept alive, in so far as they are kept alive at all, in the Pope's dominions, amongst the advocates and other laymen of middle rank, who are often intelligent and vigorous, but at the same time, from no fault of their own, very deficient in culture.

It was the lot of the writer, during the worst period of the reaction, to examine a large number of

the journals of the Peninsula, and, with the exception of some published at Turin, to see few other Italian journals until the end of the last and the beginning of the present year. Unquestionably the decade which had elapsed had improved matters, but still the quality of the writing remains very poor. Putting aside the *Perseveranza* of Milan, the *Opinione*, now published at Florence, and the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a fierce clerical journal, we can hardly name any Italian newspaper which is even tolerably written. The journals of Venetia, we ought perhaps to mention, are not known to us. As papers of secondary merit, in other parts of Italy, may be mentioned the *Diritto* of Florence, and the *Italie*, published in French in the same capital. The papers are, however, too numerous, and too much in the hands of small cliques, who wish to ventilate certain questions, to be really good. The French press—the writing of which, if we put aside the names of Prévost Paradol, Scherer, the brilliant writer who veils a real name under the *nom de plume* of Horace de Lagardie, and some half-dozen others, is poor to the last degree—has exercised a very unfavourable influence on the journals of Italy, which in form and arrangement closely follow French models.

The Eternal City has three newspapers, all of them pretty extensively read, but all below mediocrity. The *Giornale di Roma*, of which Gregorovius truly says that it is as harmless as an eclogue of Virgil, the *Osservatore Romano*, and the *Correspondance de Rome*, the last being intended chiefly for circulation amongst those circles in France which desire to keep themselves *au courant* of the last canard which is stamped with apostolic approbation.

It is natural to turn from journalism to public speaking. Here the first thing that strikes a stranger in the Italian Parliament, is that more members than one would have expected read their speeches, but there is no want of facility in others, and, as might be expected, there is too great a desire to speak; every man, in a country where organised parties hardly exist, wishing to please his own constituents, and to bid for power and place by showing his capacity for affairs.

The history of the five years' Parliament, which consolidated the annexations of 1859 and 1860, has been told by Leopoldo Galeotti, who was one of its members, in a book which is, if somewhat dull, full of important information, and written in a fair and

moderate spirit. The author, who belonged to the majority, takes, we need not say, a more favourable view of its proceedings than would be acceptable to the party of action, but, on the whole, we do not think that he rates much too highly the labours of the Chamber. The army and navy had to be reorganised in accordance with the new state of things. The country had to be divided into provinces, and these again into smaller administrative circumscriptions. Public charity had to be reorganised, the census had to be taken. Public instruction and public works had to be attended to. Custom-houses and tariffs had to be reformed and revised. The Treasury, and all that related to it, represented another enormous mass of labour. The legislative unification of the kingdom required hardly less attention, while foreign and ecclesiastical affairs were so complicated and so important, as to claim for themselves many sittings which could be ill spared from other hardly less pressing matters.

The first Parliament of the Italian kingdom, and its short-lived Sardinian predecessor, which was born on April 2, 1860, and died in December of that year, had 831 sittings and passed 522 bills, besides doing a

vast amount of supplementary work, in considering petitions, making interpellations, and the like.

Free Italy can boast of but one statesman; but then, not only are the twenty years which have elapsed since life began to stir, even in a single province of the Peninsula, only a moment in the existence of a nation, but the statesman whom she has produced has surpassed, we think, on the whole, any of his contemporaries. Far superior to Lord Palmerston in range of mind and depth of study, Cavour was more a man of the world than Thorbecke; bolder than Cornewall Lewis, though *he* was bolder than men thought; while he resembled Bismarck, with whom he is so often compared, in but one characteristic, the too-ready acceptance of the maxim that the end justifies the means. Something less of this last peculiarity, something more of elevation and imaginativeness, would have put him in the very highest rank. As it was, he remained just below it.

In crediting Italy with Cavour, we should not forget that he was only half Italian. His mother was a Sellon, and, alike in his education and disposition, he was infinitely more Genevese than Sardinian. It was in the society of Pressinges that he was formed,

and it was thither that he returned, alone and on foot, after the catastrophe and agony of Villafranca. It is, no doubt, a comparison beneath the "dignity of history," but the writer can never recall his voice and manner, without involuntarily remembering the lines in which Tennyson has described the father of the "Miller's Daughter."

Rattazzi, intellectually so lithe and *svelte*, so soft and attractive in manner, that he used to be called "Mademoiselle," is unquestionably an extremely clever politician; but whether he deserves to be called a statesman any more than most men who bear that courtesy title, is a question which we hesitate to answer.

As unlike him as possible is Ricasoli, stiffest of men in features, figure, intellect, and character. Upright he is in intention, firm of will, sedulous in the management of his property, anxious for the good of the State, but surely a learner in statesmanship, rather than a statesman.

La Marmora is more of a soldier than a Minister. In both capacities he has been unfortunate but well-informed persons say that much of the blame which has fallen on him should by rights have rested on a loftier head.

Farini's course was short, and he certainly did not rise to the Cavour level.

Cialdini, again, has to show himself. His merits as a soldier have been proved long ago, in the forgotten campaigns of the Spanish Revolution, and more recently, within the memory of all men, in his own country. His great speech on the Capital excited and deserved great attention, but with it our knowledge of his capacity for the higher walks of political life breaks off short.

Italy has no want of active and able politicians, the material out of which statesmen are made, and they come from all corners of the country. Even Sicily has contributed at least her share. Out of their ranks, and those of their successors, there can be no doubt that men will arise, with that breadth of view and fulness of knowledge which Cavour had, and which we hold essential to constitute the statesman; but the Italian upper class must first bend to what will soon be a necessity for the upper class in all countries, and educate its children for some years, away from the narrowing influences of the "clocher," in lands other than their own.

The ideas of young men in Italy are a sealed book

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to nearly all Englishmen; but any one who could give us trustworthy information as to their ways of thinking and acting, would go far towards helping us to cast the horoscope of their country. If we compare the first chapter of Massimo d'Azeglio's Autobiography with Mazzini's article already alluded to, we should be inclined to draw rather desponding conclusions; but both these writers, we trust, take too gloomy a view of the rising generation.

Let us now sum up the results of our survey. Italy has a large and increasing population, a great extent of fertile land still lying waste, over which that population may extend, together with an infinite variety of climates and descriptions of country, highly favourable to a many-sided national life. In agriculture much has been done, but much remains to do, and agriculture must ever remain the main element of her prosperity. Her mineral resources, though not very great, may be much developed. Her fine winter climate, her works of art, her historical recollections and the charms of her scenery, are so many veins of wealth as yet very imperfectly worked. As a manufacturing country she has no great future in the production of the commoner articles consumed by

civilised man, at least for the purpose of export; but for producing works of art of every order below the highest, and, above all, for art manufactures, she has extraordinary facilities. Her position for commerce is admirable, and the return of prosperity to her Mediterranean neighbours will give indirectly a vast impulse to herself. Her people have great natural abilities, but they are very ignorant, and are in some districts mere barbarians, with a miserable superstition, which usurps the place of what in more fortunate countries is called religion or morality. Even the civilised classes have broken with the middle age and its ideas, without getting anything very much better to put in their place. A religious revolution or reformation, going very deep and very wide, is the necessary complement of recent political changes, but there is not yet sufficient *initiative* in the long-demoralised nation to bring this about. It must come from abroad, and Italy can do little but make the path straight for it, by improving her education. In literature, in learning, in science, there is much aptitude, but little contemporary performance. The periodical press is very poor. For a free political life Italy has shown excellent dispositions, and has hitherto kept herself pretty free

from those evils which her detractors prophesied would disgrace her Parliament. She has many respectable politicians, but has produced as yet only one great statesman. Cavour has had no successor. Lastly, looking at the rising generation, we do not see any evidence that they are likely to be better than their fathers. Such evidence as there is, seems to point the other way.

Italy, if she has many advantages, has also, it must be remembered, some peculiar disadvantages to contend with. Nowhere is the Church question so large or so difficult. The finances are in a condition which alarmists might call desperate. Brigandage is an evil which draws in its train innumerable other evils. The violent political changes of the last few years, and the unscrupulous proceedings at which successive Governments have had to wink, have disorganised society, and thrown far too great power into the hands of that vast, idle and semi-warlike class, out of which the volunteers of Garibaldi are recruited. Another very serious mischief is the intolerable number of *employés*, swarms of whom are wholly useless, but whose connections can bring pressure to bear upon the Chamber. These, taken in connection with other

difficulties to which we have alluded, and above all with the miserable state of education, are things well calculated to make the most sanguine well-wisher of Italy hesitate to prophesy for her a very brilliant future, during the next fifty years.

The best friends of Italy would, we think, address her somewhat as follows:—Keep your dynasty, in spite of any dissatisfaction that may be inspired by the King, or any want of confidence in his successor, but gradually diminish its power, thus obtaining the advantages of a republic, without its agitations. Turn a deaf ear to the cries of "the heroic Trentino," till it suits Austria to part with it, and try to forget that Istria exists. Avoid as far as possible all foreign complications, and above all beware of interfering with the Eastern question, except for the purpose of preventing Constantinople falling to Russia, while that empire has still the aggressive instincts of a semi-barbarous power. "Seek peace and ensue it" with all the world, and more especially with Germany, from which country you may obtain what you most need, learned men trained to interpret your own past to yourselves; trained to reinvigorate your education, and thereby indefinitely to extend your power. Re-

strict the temporal power of the Pope, as soon as you are able, to the limits of the Leonine City. Diminish your army and navy to the utmost, but take pride in having both services as perfect as possible. Spare no expense in keeping up with the latest improvements in weapons. Abolish all unnecessary drill, and recruit your officers, as is already done in Holland, by competitive examination. As long as the *res dura* and the *regni novitas* oblige you to keep up your armaments, even at their present diminished size, comfort yourself by regarding them as a school, through which your half-civilised population is passed, and make your period of service as short as possible. Advance elementary education. Concentrate your universities, and train your professors north of the Alps. Have a few first-rate gymnasia, but above all direct attention to the class of schools which are known in Germany as *Real-schulen*. Push on roads and railways. Encourage planting on a scientific method, as well as irrigation. Protect your works of art and your libraries, the last of which have been of late years not a little damaged. Give every possible facility to foreigners. Lay yourself out for a great transit trade, for being the emporium of the

Mediterranean and the pleasure-place of Europe. Continually reduce your Customs duties, with a view to abolishing them altogether.

By these arts Italy will, we believe, not only attain a cosmopolitan position, infinitely higher than she now occupies, and a far greater degree of happiness than the most favoured portions of her territory ever possessed, but be incomparably more powerful than she would be if she attempted prematurely to assert for herself a high place in the councils of Europe, and to interfere in the settlement of matters in which she has no concern. By these arts she will indeed attain a *Primato*, but a *Primato* of a very different kind from that which some unwise persons have claimed or desired for her.[1]

February continued

20. Met at the Verneys' a young Italian Attaché, who told me that he took to Cavour the telegram announcing Villafranca. He was very angry, and would not believe that the cypher was correctly made out.

[1] This seems the most suitable place for this article; but it was published a good deal later in the year.

22. Breakfasted with Lord Houghton. He mentioned Cousin's answer to him when he asked him if he was going to a fancy ball, where people were to be dressed in the costume of the seventeenth century—"J'espère rencontrer ces dames un jour, mais autre part." He suggested, or quoted, as an epitaph for Cavour, "T.O.M." (Traditori Optimo Maximo).[1]

March

22. Delivered at Aberdeen my inaugural address as Lord Rector of the University.[2]

April

5. Meeting of the Party at Gladstone's, where a course, which seemed to some of us of very doubtful expediency, was resolved upon, and which led on the 8th to the Tea Room affair, much talked of at the time. That was followed by a good deal of negotiation with Government, which came to nothing, so far as the Russells, myself, and those who had acted in immediate concert with us were concerned. We

[1] I *think* that this epitaph was originally proposed by Venables for Peel.
[2] Edinburgh, 1867.

voted with Gladstone in the great Division of the 12th, and never formed part of the dissident connection known, inaccurately, as the Tea Room party.

22. I went with Marochetti, the sculptor, to see Mrs. Scott Siddons in *As You Like It*, and in some scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*. He was so carried away as to say that she was as good as Rachel.

27. Amongst others, old Mr. Crawford breakfasts with us. He entered the East India Company's service in 1803, and was in Monson's Retreat,—escaped the worst, however, by having been shut up in Rampoorah,—whence he saw most of Holkar's army pass.

May

5. Congreve, the Positivist hierophant, begins his *Conciones ad populum*, in an upper room of the Sussex Hotel, in Bouverie Street. Some one said, describing the scene—"And there was Lord Houghton sleeping exactly as if he had been in church."

18. The Breakfast Club meets at Sir T. Erskine May's. One of the party mentioned an answer made by Mr. Vincent Scully to Major O'Reilly, when he

threatened to turn him out of the county of Cork, if he took some line in the House, which he (Major O'Reilly), who had commanded the Irish Legion in the Pope's service, did not approve—"Turn me out of the county Cork!—Bedad, if you do, you'll have to bleed more freely than you did at Spoleto!"

19. Long walk with John Warren along the Thames, in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court—finding about thirty species new to me.

22. The Breakfast Club met at Froude's. He has just come back from Simancas, and says that no one was so pleased by the defeat of the Armada as the Pope, and that the Spaniards of the day were as positive in asserting that Drake and the English had beat the Armada, as we are in giving the credit to the wind.

June

29. Botanical walk near Merstham with Sandars, to whom I show fifty-seven plants new to him, finding myself two new to me, *Vicia tetrasperma* and *Spiraea filipendula*.

July

1. At the Council of the Asiatic Society, where I saw the great gold coin of Eucratides, weighing about twenty of our sovereigns. This very remarkable piece was brought from Bokhara by a Jew, who, on his first arrival in Paris, knowing that the West was rich and fond of curious objects, modestly demanded a million of francs for it. No one being willing to go into the transaction at that figure, he came to London, and entered into negotiations with the British Museum. Of course people there were charmed with it, and they soon began to discuss the question of price. "What," said the Jew, "is its intrinsic value?" So much, they replied. "When was it struck?" he then asked. About such and such a year, was the answer. "Well," rejoined the Jew, "I will be satisfied with interest at 5 per cent from that date." After a good deal of bargaining, it was ultimately bought by Feuardent for, I have heard, £1100, and it passed to the Imperial Library for, I believe, £1300.

7. Long talk on German affairs, at the house of Mr. Geffcken, with Brandis, the Secretary to the

Queen of Prussia, of which I have full notes,—now become ancient history.

20. Yesterday I went to the great ball given to the Sultan at the new India Office, about which so much nonsense was later talked. It was very brilliant.

To-day Lord Strangford, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Arthur Russell and I, went as a deputation from the Asiatic Society to present an address to the Sultan at Buckingham Palace. He could not speak any Western language, but with him was Fuad, who knows French well. It was Fuad who some years ago said in Arthur Russell's hearing to Lord Palmerston, when the latter expressed the opinion that nothing would go right in Turkey till they got rid of polygamy, "Ah! milord, nous ferons comme vous, nous presenterons l'une et nous cacherons les autres."

22. I was examining Dr. Pusey to-day on a Committee of the House of Commons, when a strange scene occurred. He had been arguing in favour of the Oxford System of Academical Discipline, on account of the superior morality which it encouraged. I asked him whether it was not notorious that German students were more moral, in the

ordinary sense of the term, than English ones. He admitted the fact; but went off into explanations of so eccentric a kind, that he was stopped, and what he said was not reported.

26. I examined Dr. Perry, of Bonn, before the same Committee, eliciting from him a good deal of valuable matter about the German Universities. This was the same Dr. Perry whom I met with George Bunsen in the autumn of 1865, and who had such a terrible adventure in the Tyrol. He fell over a precipice soon after dark, was caught by the trunk of a tree a little way down, and sat there suspended over the abyss the whole of that night and a great part of the next day.

August

9. Long walk with John Warren in Claygate, the last of a series of most interesting botanical expeditions which we have had together this summer.

On the 12th of August I left London, and after spending a day or two with Sir James Kay Shuttleworth at Gawthorpe, in the course of which I visited Stonyhurst, I went on to Stirling, whence *via* Callander, Lochearnhead, Balquhidder and Killin,

I reached the Lawers Inn, and spent six and a half hours looking for plants on the mountain which gives it its name, with very great success. It is the best botanical hunting ground in Scotland.

On the 17th I reached Eden, which has been in the hands of the builders since we were last there.

Here we remained till the end of the year, receiving amongst others Jowett, Sir John Lubbock, Kingsley, Baron Donald Mackay, Geffcken and Mr. Gordon of Birnie, whom I called, and very justly, in an article on Morayshire which I wrote in 1857, "the northern White of Selborne."

Spent the week from the 4th to the 11th of September with W. E. Baxter at Dundee, where I presided over the Statistical and Economical Section of the British Association and delivered an address.[1]

On the 11th of November I left Eden with my agent, Mr. Hunter, and went by Kingussie, through Lochaber and Badenoch to Bannavie, whence we went on to Glenfinnan, to look at a property called Guisachan on the shores of Loch Shiel, which I thought of buying, but against the purchase of which we decided.

[1] Republished in *Miscellanies, Political and Literary*. London, 1879.

On the 13th we went to Roy Bridge to see the famous parallel roads, returning thence to Eden.

I spent the time from the 27th of November to the 6th of December in London, for the short Abyssinian Session, returning to Eden on the 7th of December, and on the 19th delivered at Peterhead the address which I afterwards published under the title of *A Glance over Europe*, and which I reprinted in 1871, in my volume of *Elgin Speeches*.

This autumn my wife brought me a poem which she had just written, called "Dives and Lazarus." I sent it to the *Spectator*, in which journal it appeared on November 16th :—

"Lazarus, that weary Lazarus again !—
Why can't a man rest quiet ?" So Dives spake
With Lazarus' petition in his hand.
Then, laying it on the table, let it wait
Through all the courses of the sumptuous feast,
Till came the olives and the dark red wine.
And then he broke the seal, and thus he read :—
"Right Reverend Father," so the letter ran
(For Dives was a Bishop), "may a man
Most poor in all things, but in that most poor
Wherein he should be rich, most poor in faith,
Have from you ghostly counsel and advice ?

I only ask the parings of the feast,
In which you, furnished unto all good works,
Rich in a faith which mountains can remove,
Sit day by day, deeming you feed on Christ."
Here Dives stopped, with an impatient word :—
"Advice," he said, "I gave the man advice
To keep his living and to hold his tongue,
And now he pesters me,—at dinner, too!"
Then he read on :—"My Lord, that I might prove,
At least, that I am honest, I resigned
This day all benefits that I received
In virtue of the doctrines which I held,
But hold no longer. Poor am I indeed
In purse, and yet the weight of poverty
More lightly presses than the weight of doubt,
And fiercer is the craving of the soul
Than hunger of the flesh. My sores cry out;
Wounded I lie in darkness, seeking light."
And so it ended. Dives turned it o'er
Once and again, as if he sought within
Something he did not find there, and his face,
Courteous, comfortable and bland, expressed
Utter bewilderment. It seemed to him
As much as if a man of choice preferred,
That Christmas night, the bitter cold outside,
The howling wind, that wailed as if its voice
The woe of all the human race expressed :—
The wide wild moor, with heaps of driven snow,

To that room, bright with artificial light,
Filled full with all the good things of this world.
Thus Dives in his microcosm deemed
Of him who sought the Infinite outside.
And Dives wrote that Lazarus was to blame,—
Such doubts were sent as punishment for sin ;
And as a righteous man ne'er begs his bread,
So a good man can never come to doubt.
All was as clear as day in Dives' eyes,
From Genesis to the Apocalypse.
And on he prosed some pages. At the end
He wrote :—" If after all convincing words
Like these I send, you choose to starve in soul,
I cannot help you further. I must beg,
As one on whom the eyes of all the world
Are fixed, though all unworthy" (Dives here
Paused with a thrill of sweet humility),
" That I have not the scandal at my door,
And in my diocese, of doubt like yours."
Thus Lazarus was driven forth to starve.

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January

6. Took the chair in Banff at a lecture on Wordsworth, by Mr. George Macdonald, and brought him out after it to Eden. He did not seem to me to show much critical power, though he has unquestionably a great deal of power of another kind.

In the middle of January we left Eden, stayed a day or two at Smithills and Manchester, reaching London on the 23rd, in time to join a party at Coleridge's, which had been collected to discuss the further course to be taken about University Tests.

From this time forward to the month of December, most of my time, not occupied either by attendance in the House or by preparations for the election, was given to my *Political Survey*.

March

1. Dined with Lowe, meeting Jowett and others. Talking of the Tory country gentlemen having displayed greater zeal in the matter of the Cattle Plague than in opposing the Reform Bill, our host said—"That is quite intelligible, for the Cattle Plague ruins ourselves; the Reform Bill only our children."

2. Met and walked with Carlyle, who raved about the general anarchy which he imagined he saw around him, and praised Bismarck to the skies.

14. Conversation of about two hours with Couvreur, who had come over chiefly about his project of an International gathering, in favour of reduction of armaments.

17. Met at breakfast in Layard's rooms Prim and his *âme damnée* Milans del Bosch.

18. Whitbread, Couvreur, Simeon, Arthur Russell and Sir Harry Verney breakfast with me, to talk about the proposed International gathering.

20. Long *tête-à-tête* with Prim at his house.

29. I spent to-day, Sunday, with George Brodrick at Eton, talking much with my old Balliol contemporary,

Hornby, who has now become head master, about educational questions.

April

4. Prim, Milans and others dine with us. Bergenroth, who came in the evening, told me that Milans had told him that in 1837 he (Milans) had saved Simancas from destruction by Cantero, a Carlist leader.

7. I left London to-day, and went to Switzerland on some family business, which detained me at Zürich for some days in pitiable weather, the snow melting as it fell. While there I heard the well-known Liberal theologian, Alexander Schweizer, preach, but it chanced to be a sermon of no interest. I also went over some of the schools, attended a meeting of the Cantonal Grand Council, where Alfred Escher was presiding, and had a very long conversation with Professor George de Wyss about the great democratic change which was going on at Zürich, and Swiss politics generally.

From Zürich I went by Zug to Lucerne, where I saw Thorwaldsen's lion, and then passed on by Sempach to Berne, where I had much talk with Mr. Dubs, the

President of the Confederation, who seemed to be an exceedingly able man, about Couvreur's proposed International Congress, and conversed with several other Swiss politicians, amongst whom was M. Staempfli, whose name became later so well known in connection with the Geneva arbitration.

From Berne I went to Geneva, where I found the Smirnoffs, and made the acquaintance of William De la Rive, who wrote the life of Cavour, and of Marc Monnier, who wrote *L'Italie—Est-elle la terre des morts?* I sat up late, too, on the night of April 19th with the elder De la Rive, who was full of curiosity about English politics.

From Geneva I went to Paris, and so back to London.

May

2. Dined with Gallenga to meet Prim and his wife. Speaking of Narvaez, Prim said to me, "I am not vindictive, but Narvaez has been so bloodthirsty, that I rejoice to think that now *il est taquiné par tous les diables.*"

20. With John Warren to visit H. C. Watson, the greatest living authority on the distribution of British

plants, who was living near Thames Ditton, and who showed us *Myosurus minimus* in a field near his house.

I had several other pleasant botanical walks this summer, but the extraordinary heat during most of the season made much walking disagreeable.

During the end of the Session and the first part of our autumn at Eden, we saw very few people, illness in our household having put us in quarantine, but in the later autumn I delivered a good many speeches in the north, several of which were reprinted in 1871.[1] I brought forward also, in my capacity of Lord Rector, a proposal with respect to the Bursary competition at Aberdeen, which led eventually to considerable changes.

November

On the 5th of November I presided in Edinburgh at a great meeting in the Corn Market, where Bright addressed 4000 people.

On the 16th I was re-elected at Elgin, and on the 19th I finished my *Political Survey*.[2]

On the 20th I proposed Mr. Dingwall Fordyce as

[1] *Elgin Speeches*—Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh, 1871.
[2] *A Political Survey*—Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh, 1871.

the first member for East Aberdeenshire, and immediately afterwards went south.

The Disraeli Government, beaten in the elections, resigned without meeting Parliament; and Mr. Gladstone was entrusted with the formation of a new Ministry. Rumour assigned to me the Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. That appointment, however, was given to my friend Mr. Otway, M.P. for Chatham.

On the 8th of December I received a note from Mr. Gladstone offering me the Under Secretaryship for India, with the charge of that Department in the House of Commons.

As India would have been unquestionably my second choice, if a choice had been offered to me, I replied in the affirmative, and immediately afterwards entered on my new duties.

Just at this time I received the following letter from Lord Stanley, the outgoing Secretary for Foreign Affairs:—

23 St. James' Square,
December 11, 1868.

Dear Mr. Grant Duff—I thank you for your note and book, and am more especially glad to receive them at the

present moment, because on leaving the Foreign Office it naturally occurs to me to acknowledge the many useful hints I have gleaned from your former publication on the same general subject.[1] I know of no English politician except yourself, who has given time and thought to a systematic and thorough study of the internal politics of foreign countries. In general we know nothing about them, and care but little. You have appropriated one field of useful labour, which in these days it is not easy to do.—Believe me, faithfully yours, STANLEY.

[1] *Studies in European Politics.*

1869

January

5. At Woburn with Hastings Russell. The house is hideous, but full to overflowing of treasures,—so full, that no better place can be found, even for the magnificent service of Sèvres, given by Louis XV. to the Duke of Bedford when he was Ambassador in France, than a cupboard in a room which is used, if I recollect right, for the upper servants to take tea in.

15. At Strangford's funeral. He is buried at Kensal Green, under the same monument as his brother, who, although very unlike him, was in a different way as gifted. I have heard that Disraeli once said—"George Smythe is more like Bolingbroke than any Englishman who has lived since his times." In his own line the last Lord Strangford was unique,

and up to this date the place which he left vacant in European journalism has never been filled.

As I came away I met Layard, who was late, and we went back to London together. He is just about to marry, and it was to this, I suppose, that he alluded, when he used the expression—strange in a man of his years—"He is leaving life, as I am entering upon it."

17. Breakfasted with Wetherell in the Albany, to meet Renouf and Simpson, both, like our host, Oxford converts, but of an older generation. It was Renouf, who, when he agreed to undertake the management of the Oriental Department in the *Home and Foreign Review*, said—"But I must *warn* you that I do not know Turkish."

Of Simpson's power, as a metaphysician, John Henry Newman had the very highest opinion.

19. Lunched with the Stanleys, at the Deanery, to meet Prince Christian, the Duke of Augustenburg, Browning, Layard, Reeve, Grote, the Duke of Argyll, Sir Henry Holland, Kinglake and Richmond the painter.

After luncheon I had a long conversation with the Duke of Augustenburg, who expressed himself,

both to Kinglake and to me, very courteously and gracefully about the course we took in 1864.

I met this evening, at Charles Bowen's, Mr. Meadows Rendel, the engineer, who said—"In 1858 I followed the course of our armies in India at the rate of three miles an hour. In 1868 I passed over the same ground at the rate of sixty miles an hour."

February

15. I dined with Mr. Gladstone to hear the Queen's Speech read, and the next day the House met.

March

2. Sir John Macneill quoted to me to-day some striking words from a Persian poet—"We are all lions, but lions on a standard—as the wind blows, the lions move, and we see them move, but not the cause of their motion—let us then worship the invisible which is the cause of all we see." He cited, too, from Sadi—"The peace of the two worlds

depends upon these two words—Be kind to your friends, and be merciful to your enemies."

9. My wife goes off with the children to Hyères, whence she sends most tantalising accounts of the Southern spring, for just about this time the weather, which had been remarkably fine in London, changed, and became very bad. At Easter it was quite wintry.

17. Dined, the first time for many years, with the Francis Goldsmids, of whom I afterwards saw so much.

23. Sir John Lawrence, just returned from India, comes to see me. Long afterwards he said, speaking of Northbrook's accepting the Viceroyalty—"It takes a tremendous deal out of a fellow"—but he did not seem as much older as I had expected to see him.

April

5. Sir John Clark drove me over from Bagshot to dine and sleep at Mr. Van de Weyer's, New Lodge, near Windsor. I cannot remember exactly on what occasion, but it was during the negotiations which followed the Belgian Revolution, that the words, quoted by him to me, and which I have noted under this day, were spoken by a diplomatist, who could

not himself find terms vague enough to conceal his meaning or want of meaning—"Prenez la plume, Matuscewitz, vous qui connaissez tous les mots *neutres* de la langue."

Most of M. Van de Weyer's books are away, packed in boxes in London, but he has here enough to form what most people would consider a good library—amongst others 600 volumes, which belonged to Charles the Tenth, and have got the lilies of France upon their sides. An offer was lately made to him to give up these books at the rate of 10s. apiece, and to allow the binding of each to be taken off, he himself prescribing the character of the coat in which each was to be returned. He preferred, however, to keep them as they are.

He has collected 600 volumes of Ana, and 3000 of Pensées, Mœurs, Esprit, etc.

17. Boxall takes Bruce, Simeon and myself over the National Gallery, which has now overflowed into the old Royal Academy.

28. Dined with Mr. Graham, M.P. for Glasgow, at a party arranged for the purpose of making Bright acquainted with Morris, who wrote the *Earthly Paradise*.

May

8. Mallet, Morier, Count von Dürckheim and others dined with me. Count von Dürckheim, who, largely assisted by the two just mentioned, wrote a paper upon Austria, which I submitted to Mr. Gladstone this summer, was a young *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor Francis Joseph, of the usual brilliant but not very serious type. Becoming intimate with Morier, he was *converted* to free trade pretty much in the way in which people often are to this or that form of religion, and had for some time, before the period of which I am writing, devoted himself to spreading sound notions about political economy in his own country, with all the zeal of a neophyte.

14. From London to Paris, by tidal train, with a large House of Commons party, glad to escape from the Irish Church for the Whitsun recess. The Channel was rough, and before we left Folkestone some of us—I think Trevelyan, Monsell and I, all of whom were at this time in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry,—lay down on sofas on the right hand of the vessel as one looks from the stern towards the

prow: that is, in the same position as the Treasury Bench is with reference to the Speaker. Wentworth Beaumont, who was on a sofa on the other side, said:—"When we get about the middle, I mean to put a question to the Government!"

15. I saw Madame Renan in Paris, but her husband was away at Meaux canvassing, and the elections were everywhere the topic of conversation.

16. From Geneva, by boat, to Territet-Chillon, where my wife meets me, and we go up together to the Rigi Vaudois, which stands about 1000 feet over the Lake, in the region to which M. Arnold has given so much additional charm, by the lines in *Obermann*.

"Farewell! whether thou now liest near
That much-loved inland sea,
The ripples of whose blue waves cheer
Vevey and Meillerie:

And in that gracious region bland,
Where with clear-rustling wave
The scented pines of Switzerland
Stand dark round thy green grave,

Between the dusty vineyard-walls
Issuing on that green place

The early peasant still recalls
The pensive stranger's face,

And stoops to clear thy moss-grown date
Ere he plods on again ;—
Or whether, by maligner fate,
Among the swarms of men,

Where between granite terraces
The blue Seine rolls her wave,
The capital of pleasure sees
Thy hardly-heard-of grave—

Farewell ! under the sky we part,
In this stern Alpine dell.
O unstrung will ! O broken heart,
A last, a last farewell !"

My wife, however, contrasts the manners and customs of this district with those of Hyères, much to the disadvantage of this land of enlightenment, maintaining that the "early peasant" now prefers to throw stones at the "pensive stranger."

Leaving the Rigi Vaudois on the 19th, we went by Lausanne to Thun, and thence to Grindelwald, where on the 21st we met the Lubbocks—a circum-

stance which led to so many journeys with him in so many parts of the world.

The two glaciers and many plants occupied us till we went on the 24th to stay with Madame de Gonzenbach at the Chartreuse near Thun, a beautiful place, which was later occupied, during the summer months, by my sister.

On the meadows round, and amongst the houses of Grindelwald, the dandelion grows in vast profusion, and is, as seen from above at this season, very striking. At Glion the dandelion was in seed, and the chief effects were produced by a white Narcissus and by *Geranium pratense*. The yellow goatsbeard and the *Salvia pratensis* are also at this season a great feature wherever I have been. In the gorges between Ambérieu and Geneva, the laburnum high on the mountain-side and the monkshood lower down were very beautiful.

25. Row on the lake at night opposite the Château of Hüneck. The moon rose over, and seemingly out of the Mönch, giving it the appearance of a volcano. I am told that an effect of this kind is even more striking at another period of the year, I think in August.

26. I took a long walk to try and see the Alpen-rose in flower, but without success. I found the plant in vast abundance, but not one single blossom. I was, however, sufficiently rewarded by finding the Carraway, and the superb *Cypripedium calceolus*, now, alas! I fear, almost or altogether extinct, as a wild plant, in England.

27. We re-met the Lubbocks at Olten, and went to Paris together, crossing, however, alone to London on the 29th.

July

9. Explain, in answer to Eastwick, the policy of the Government in Afghanistan and Central Asia. (See Appendix to my *Elgin Speeches.*)

17. Ran down to spend the Sunday with the Goldsmids, who are passing a short time at Berwick Lodge, Ryde, returning to London on the 19th, and making on the 3rd of August the first of my Indian financial statements.

We passed the greater part of that and the next month in Hertfordshire, I going constantly up and down to the India Office.

On the 15th of September I went to stay for a

day or two with Coleridge at Buckland Court, on the edge of Dartmoor, a region which was new to me, but which I did not think so attractive as many do. On the 18th I returned to our house in Hertfordshire, and on the 25th we went back to London.

October

16. Dined with Frere to meet Dr. Trumpp, a German, who is going out to translate the Sikh Granth for the Indian Government. He was a pupil of Christian Märklin, whose *Life* by Strauss struck me so much when I read it in 1851 or 1852, and was, like him, brought up at Blaubeuren and Tübingen.

20. Spoke at Elgin, almost exclusively about India.

November

1. Met at the Maskelynes' the American botanist Asa Gray. It was to-day, too, that Madame de Peyronnet, on whom I was calling, told me the excellent French saying :—" Quand celui qui parle, ne sait plus ce qu'il veut dire, et celui qui écoute, n'a jamais su ce qu'il voulait dire, alors c'est de la métaphysique."

3. To see Maine, who has just arrived from India, and who, having gone thither seven years ago in extremely bad health,—health so bad that I, for one, never expected to see him return,—has returned, as I told him, looking like an English drover.

4. —— tells me a good thing about the excellent Sir —— ——. Although he has been employed all his life in great affairs, it is not to be denied that he has the appearance of a grocer, and it is hardly unnatural that he should have received in India, from those of his friends who did not love him, the name of Figs. He is extremely Evangelical, and C—— gave him the title of *Ficus religiosa*.

5. Large dinner to Stephen, who is going out to succeed Maine. It took place at the Langham Hotel. Venables presided, and I sat between Sandars and Henry Smith.

6. Dine to-night with Mr. George Smith, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, at a farewell party given to Stephen, who had been the mainstay of that Journal.

This evening, an acquaintance, speaking of a review which I had written of Henry Oxenham's *Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement*, made to me the observation — which I have no doubt was strictly

correct—"It showed, I think, more knowledge of Oxenham than of the doctrine of sanctification."

Speaking of Massey's dislike to India, Maine averred that a lady having once said to him—"But at least, Mr. Massey, the flowers here are charming"—he replied—"No, they are the only things in the country which do *not* smell."[1] Maine says also that George Campbell declares that he once saw over a butcher's shop in Canton, "Best black cat always ready."

24. Presented by the Duke of Argyll to the King of the Belgians, who came to a sort of afternoon tea at the India Office. Amongst others present were Frere and Lord Lawrence, who, as is generally known, did not get on too well together.

"I am very sorry," said the King, "that I never saw Bombay; I believe it is about the most beautiful place in India and that"—bowing to Frere—"it owes much of its beauty to Sir Bartle Frere:"—then

[1] I find in the first volume of my privately-printed Indian Diary, under date of 7th April 1884, this story referred to, with the addition of these words—"What a slander!" Then follows a list of no less than sixteen plants in the gardens, amidst which I was writing, from whose perfume I had derived the most intense pleasure, with the further remark—"Many people are too neglectful of 'curious odours,' as they are, for the matter of that, of 'strange dyes, strange flowers, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friend.'"

turning to Lawrence, he added,—"and if I remember right, Lord Lawrence often thought that he spent too much money—but no," he continued,—appearing to correct himself—"*that* was *Sir John* Lawrence."

December

4 to 11. With the Goldsmids at Rendcomb, near Cirencester, in a country quite new to me.

12. I went, to-day, to see Jowett at Oxford, and on going into his room found him *tête-à-tête*, of all people in the world, with Swinburne,—a strange Alcibiades enough!

24. I had occasion this afternoon to go to see the Duke of Cambridge, at the Horse Guards, on business, and was extremely struck on this, and still more on a subsequent visit, by the accuracy and extent of his knowledge of military detail.

1870

January

3 to 10. At Rendcomb in Gloucestershire. This —and the week spent at the same place last month— were the only holiday, properly so called, which I took in the recess of 1869-70—a bad arrangement, for which I suffered.

23. To see Mr. and Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot) at the Priory, St. John's Wood. She receives every Sunday afternoon, and has a good deal of skill in managing a *salon*, in addition to her other gifts.

February

16. Dined with Mr. Pender. After the ladies had gone, I found myself sitting next Mr. Dickens, whom I had not seen since he returned from America.

We fell into conversation about that country, and he told me the following very curious story.

"Shortly before leaving Washington I fell in with Mr. Sumner, who said to me—'Mr. Dickens, is there any one whom you would like to see here whom you have not chanced to meet?' I replied—'Yes, I have always had a great idea of Mr. Staunton—I should like to meet Mr. Staunton.' 'Well,' answered Sumner, 'there is nothing easier—I will ask him to dine. We will have nobody but ourselves, and you can have a good talk.'

"A few days afterwards, accordingly, I met Mr. Staunton at Sumner's, and we spent a long evening together. At last about 12 o'clock, Staunton turned to Sumner and said—'I should like to tell Mr. Dickens that story about the President.' 'By all means'—rejoined the other—'at least the hour you have chosen is a highly appropriate one.' Staunton then turned to me and said—'At the time when the circumstances occurred which I am going to relate, I was in charge of all the troops in the district of Columbia—and, as you may suppose, I had a great deal to do. One day a Council was called for 2 o'clock, but I was overwhelmed with work, and did not get

there till twenty minutes after the appointed hour, and just as I opened the door, I heard the President say—"But this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Staunton."

"'After the Council was over, I walked away with the Attorney-General, and said to him, "Well, if all councils were like this, the war would soon be at an end. The President, instead of sitting on half a dozen different chairs and telling improper stories, has applied himself to business, and we've got through a great deal of work." "Yes," said the Attorney-General, "but you were late. You don't know what happened." "No," I answered. "What did happen?" "All the rest of us," rejoined he, "were pretty punctual, and when we came in we found the President sitting with his head on his hand, and looking very unlike himself. At length he lifted his head, and looking around us, said—'Gentlemen, in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.' Very much surprised, I said to him, 'Sir, you have got some very bad news.' 'No,' he answered, 'I have got no news, but in a few hours we shall receive some very strange intelligence.' Still more astonished, I said, 'May we ask, Sir, what leads

you to suppose we shall receive this intelligence?' He replied, 'I've had a dream. I had it the night before Bull's Run. I had it on some other occasion' (which Mr. Dickens had forgotten), 'and I had it last night.' This was stranger than ever, and I said, 'May we ask, Sir, the nature of your dream?' He replied, 'I'm alone —I'm in a boat, and I'm out on the bosom of a great rushing river, and I drift, and I drift, and I drift.' At this moment came your knock at the door. The President said, 'But this is not business, gentlemen. Here is Mr. Staunton.'"

"'Five hours afterwards Lincoln was assassinated.'"

This story is told in a very brief and unsatisfactory way in Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens*, but I think I may say that my version is the correct one, for on the 19th, that is, three days after, I told it to Prince Christian at the Deanery, and Stanley said:— "Dickens told me that same story, and I watched you most intently to see whether you would vary it in any particular; but it is precisely the story that he told me."

March

13. I have forgotten to note who it was who said

to me to-day—"Maurice's last book reads as if all the good words in the language had got drunk, and were wandering up and down in it."

Amongst others who breakfasted with me this morning were Professor Gneist of Berlin, the great constitutional lawyer, and Keshub Chunder Sen, the head of the Brahmo Somaj,—a strange conjunction—for I am not in the habit of arranging my parties on the plan of Lord Houghton, who asked Cardinal Wiseman to meet Mazzini, and Mrs. Craven to meet Louis Blanc; meriting by such a system the name which Carlyle gave him—"President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society."

April

10. I am staying for the Sunday at Spratton, a hunting-box in Northamptonshire, at present in the occupation of my wife's cousin, Richard Ainsworth, with whom I walked over to-day to see the very curious Church of Brixworth, and the Venus and Adonis of 1599, discovered lately at Lamport—Sir Charles Isham's place—and for which five hundred pounds are said to have been refused.

13. From London to Paris—my wife and Sir John Lubbock with me. The latter and I went, having some time to spare, to look at Calais Church, of which Ruskin has written so remarkable a description: "I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty or desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its daily work,—as some old fisherman beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and

serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and this for patience and praise."

Lubbock said—"Like most religious institutions, it is better outside than in." Sir John Simeon,[1] who travelled with us from Calais to Paris, quoted, somewhat later in the day, a saying of Wiseman's—"The Church is like a painted window: you cannot see it, till you get inside."

This was almost the last time I saw Simeon, who even then was very ill. He died shortly afterwards, leaving no one quite like him. I never saw anything from his pen, except a charming lecture on "Books and Libraries," delivered, I think, in the Isle of Wight, which he represented in the House of Commons. He was, if I recollect right, the only Catholic who sat for any Scotch or English seat in the Parliament of 1868.

[1] Well named, by his friend Lord Tennyson, "the Prince of Courtesy."

14. I took Lubbock to see Renan, who is now restored to his chair at the Collège de France, and who said to me, "I am going to begin my Semitic Course as Luis de Leon did, who, after having been imprisoned many years by the Inquisition, addressed the students, whom he saw before him, in the words: 'As I was observing yesterday.'"

15. Lubbock and I drove over from Blois to Pontlevoy, to call on the Abbé Bourgeois, who lives in the very stately *collège*, where some one hundred and sixty pupils are educated. He showed us flints, worked, as he supposes, by the hand of man, from tertiary strata of the Miocene period. We then went with him to see the section whence they were dug, near a village, called, I think, Thenay. Lubbock waits for further evidence.

Picking up my wife at Blois, we went on to Bordeaux, and passing through the Barsac and Sauterne country, reached Toulouse, and went forward to Carcassonne. Renan had sent us thither, and we were in no way disappointed. It is one of the most curious places, even in France, and the Church of St. Nazaire—lately restored by Viollet-le-Duc—is alone worth the journey.

17. The climate, as we moved eastward, soon began to alter. We saw the first olives at Floure,—the first green on the vines at Lezugnac. After a short halt at Narbonne, we came upon the *Arundo donax* (which I always rejoice to see, as a sign that one is really in the South), and reached the Mediterranean. Both of these events happened near Agde, a town which will be immortalised, if by nothing else, at least by Chamfort's story of its Bishop's replying to the little man, who being in appearance like an owl, and very vain of his *bonnes fortunes* real or imaginary, said to a company which he was leaving, "This is the first night I shall have slept at home for two years"—"Monsieur perche apparemment."

We stopped for some time at Cette, where I duly read M. Arnold's "Southern Night."

"The sandy spits, the shore-locked lakes,
Melt into open moonlight sea;
The soft Mediterranean breaks
At my feet, free.

Dotting the fields of corn and vine
Like ghosts, the huge, gnarl'd olives stand;

Behind that lovely mountain-line ;
While by the strand,

Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright
Far in the bay."

From Cette we went on past Frontignan, Montpellier and Lunel, to the Camargue, which I found, to my surprise, almost everywhere reclaimed, and across which we journeyed to Arles.

18. After seeing the usual sights, we attended what, I suppose, I must call a' bullfight, in the old Roman amphitheatre, but which was one of the most harmless and unexciting performances at which I ever assisted. No horses took part, the men were amply protected from injury, the bulls did not seem to mind, and the spectators were delighted, so that all parties found their account in it.

The extreme rapidity with which two thousand people vanished from the benches of the amphitheatre, proved to us that the Romans knew what they were about, in arranging their *vomitoria*. Next to the amphitheatre, far the most interesting thing here is the Aliscamps, which is mentioned in Dante.

"Si come ad Arli, ove 'l Rodano stagna,
Si come a Pola presso del Quarnaro,
Che Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna;
Fanno i sepolcri tutto il loco varo."

We reached Hyères on the 19th, and stayed there till the morning of the 25th, taking many walks, and having our plants named by my old friend Matignon. It may give some idea of the richness of the vegetation at this season, if I mention that, on the 19th, a walk of about two hours resulted in a harvest of thirty-four species. On the 20th, two walks of little more than four hours added fifty-five, while one on the 21st gave sixteen, and one on the 22nd, seventeen.

23. We went to-day to see the garden of M. Denis, where no less than three-and-twenty kinds of palms grew in the open ground. I went again some years later to see this garden, but, alas! eleven out of the twenty-three palms had died,—thanks to two cold winters.

On the night of the 25th we slept at Macon, and on Wednesday the 27th reached London, meeting Childers at the station, fresh from Rome, where he heard the *Constitutio de fide* proclaimed on

Sunday afternoon. This kind of travelling, by way of relaxation, helps to explain the illness which obliged him, soon after this, to resign his seat in the Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty.

May

20. To Telegraph Street, to see the working of the Indo-European Telegraph, about which a discussion was threatened in the House. Most unluckily the wire had just broken, about a hundred miles to the south of Teheran, so that I could not communicate with India. From London to Teheran, however, it was in excellent order, and they telegraphed through, instead of interrupting at Kertch. We asked, amongst other things, what o'clock it was in the office at Teheran, and got an answer in twenty seconds.

26. Breakfasted with M. Van de Weyer to meet the King of the Belgians. I spoke to him about his interest in China, but he seemed to have got over his "chinoiseries" as he called them. I told him, also, the story of the mysterious telegram, which reached the India Office some years ago, and of

which he was the hero. The King—at that time Duke of Brabant—was travelling in India, when his father having been taken very ill, the Belgian Legation asked the Indian authorities in London to telegraph to the Viceroy to inquire where the Duke of Brabant was. They received in reply a message couched in the following words—"The Deuce is in Wales, and will be in London in the end of the month." The Duke was at Point de Galle!

28. This was the Queen's birthday, and I made my first acquaintance with a country which I afterwards came to know well, by running down with John Warren to look for—and to find—*Orchis militaris* in Fennell Wood, near the Loudwater station.

29. At Hurstbourne, in Hampshire (Lord Portsmouth's), looking its best at this moment,—thanks to the abundance of may in the park.

30. Auberon Herbert drove me over to his brother's place, Highclere, which is made at this time of the year a perfect paradise by miles of most glorious rhododendrons, which surround large sheets of water.

June

18. Dined with the Forsters, meeting amongst others Lord Houghton, who mentioned that Disraeli had once said to him, "You will see me many things; but there are two things which you will never *not* see me,—a Jew and a Republican." In the story, as generally repeated, the phrase is—"A Jew and a Radical"—but Lord Houghton's own version was the one I have quoted.

23. By arrangement with Dean Stanley, took Lady Goldsmid, Miss Jekyll, Lord Henley and others to the Deanery, whence we went over the Abbey, the Dean acting as our guide. I had never before seen the Jerusalem Chamber, or known the peculiarity which gave to it its historical importance. It was the only room in the neighbourhood, where in the days of Henry IV. there was a fire; hence the King, when he was taken ill, suddenly, hard-by, was carried thither. Hence too, the Westminster Divines met; and the persons now engaged in revising the Authorised Version of the O.T. meet in it.

Stanley mentioned to me that the original words of the famous epitaph of Sheffield ran as follows :—

"Dubius sed non improbus vixi ;
Incertus morior, non perturbatus.
Humanum est nescire et errare.
Deo confido
Omnipotenti benevolentissimo :
Christum adveneror.
Ens entium, miserere mei.

Atterbury struck out the words "Christum adveneror" as not sufficient.

July

15. At a quarter past four to-day, a Cabinet box was handed down the Treasury bench to Gladstone. He opened it, and looking along to us, said—with an accent I shall never forget—"War declared against Prussia."

17. Madame Mohl lately introduced to me Madame ——, and I went to-day to pay my respects. She has arrived in England, full of curiosity about every imaginable subject, social, political and religious. In the course of our talk she mentioned that,

having heard of the particular opinions which are represented by —— ——, she expressed a wish to know him, and he came to see her. As they conversed, she said to herself, "Now the names of my country are very hard to remember, and the chances are that my friend will forget mine, so I will say, without reserve, what comes uppermost." It would appear that various things came uppermost, which a good deal astonished her visitor; for after talking a long time, he threw himself upon his knees, and "I," she said, "who had not read a sufficient number of French novels to know what was exactly the proper thing to do on such an occasion, was about to ring the bell, when just as my hand was upon it, I heard him say, 'Let us pray.'"

23. I bought this summer a collection of fifty Greek and Roman gems, about which I have begun of late to have some curiosity, and a desire to learn. A certain number of these I put into the hands of a working jeweller, called Spilling, who, under the general direction of Professor Maskelyne, and following to a certain extent the pattern of one of the necklaces in the Blacas collection, lately bought by the British Museum, produced, and at much smaller

cost, a work of which Castellani might have been proud.

26. My wife, with both the children and Miss Erskine, goes off to Geneva, crossing France without adventures—though certainly none too soon.

August

6. Went down to spend the Sunday with Sir Harry Verney at Claydon, meeting amongst others the Rajah of Kolapore, whom I took, shortly before this, over the House of Commons, and who said to me as we went into Westminster Hall, "Ah! this is where Warren Hastings was tried." He did not seem to me a man of any ability; but very amiable, and worthy of a better fate; for on his way home, he caught cold crossing the Brenner, died at Florence, and was burnt on the banks of the Arno—a strange end for the representative of the founder of the Mahratta Empire.

8. This morning, at breakfast, the *Times* came in with the telegram announcing the great battle of Wörth. Max Müller tried to read it aloud, but fairly broke down—small blame to him—and handed the paper to me.

12. I crossed the Channel to-day, only thirty-three passengers coming down by the tidal train, and slept at Abbeville, into which the peasants were pouring, to go through their drill. I went over the house of M. Boucher de Perthes, now turned into a Museum, and visited Moulin-Quignon, my intercourse with Lubbock having given me some interest in prehistoric antiquities.

13. I journeyed from Abbeville to Mantes, glancing once more at the Cathedral of Amiens, and at St. Ouen in Rouen, as I passed.

14. After looking at the Cathedral of Mantes, which is one of the third class, I drove on through the Seine valley to Montgardé, belonging to M. de Peyronnet, where I found a large family party assembled, and stayed till the 16th.

15. I note under this date a good saying of Madame de Peyronnet. She got one day into an omnibus which was rather full, and a priest who was in it made difficulties, to which she put an end by saying "Ah! Monsieur le Curé, in omnibus caritas." It was her second daughter, who, when some one asked her why she did not hold the political opinions of her family (her grandfather having been, be it

remembered, one of Polignac's colleagues), said, "Ma foi, je les trouve trop erronées." It was she, too, who wrote to her sister to describe the savant and diplomatist Khanikoff, coming in all the splendour of uniform and orders from a gala dinner at the Russian Embassy to her mother's quiet salon, and hiding his stars with his hat as he entered, "Avec cette pudeur qui sièd à tous les ages."

Madame de Peyronnet says that the peasantry of this part of Normandy are an exceedingly good, patient set of people, and that there is far less grumbling than in the same class in England.

M. de Peyronnet drove me to the station of Epône, where we parted, and I never saw him again. The Siege of Paris killed him. Montgardé and all the region round was soon occupied by the Prussians, but they did no harm to the house. From Epône I went on to Paris, where I met Lubbock, who saw at the Grand Hotel a telegram stuck up announcing a great French victory. This, however, in more authentic history, will be remembered as the day of Mars-la-tour! Lubbock, my sister and I dined at Bignon's on the Boulevard. There was no sign of anything extraordinary, except

that almost every one who passed was reading a newspaper.

My sister accompanied me to the Lyons station, and has always said since, that her drive back to the Avenue Wagram, where she was living, which carried her right across Paris, was the most curious that she ever took; the people being everywhere collected in groups as the night came on, quiet, but evidently bursting with excitement.

On the 17th, Lubbock, his eldest son and I reached Geneva, heartily glad to get out of France, which was becoming every hour more and more dangerous for travellers, the passion for seeing a Prussian spy in every stranger, spreading like wildfire.

Already, before I left London, Karl Hillebrand had come to see me with a letter from Madame de Peyronnet. I said to him, "I expected to see you yesterday"; whereon he replied, "Yes, but I was detained, and in a sufficiently disagreeable manner. I got out of the train at Lille, and posted a letter. I had hardly gone back to my carriage, when the stationmaster came up to the window and said, 'You posted a letter just now, didn't you?' I of course answered, 'Yes'; whereupon he rejoined,

'Then I arrest you!' 'Arrest me!' I said; 'you have no power to arrest me.' 'No,' he replied, 'but these two gensdarmes have,' and I was immediately seized and conducted to the Mairie, the crowd thickening every instant, and making rushes, with a view to get me out of the hands of the gensdarmes. Luckily for me, the Maire turned out to be a personal friend, for I had long been a Professor in Douai, so that I was allowed to pursue my journey in peace."

This was only one of many things of the kind which occurred during the first weeks of the war, and I think Madame de Peyronnet was quite right, when she wrote, that it was not exactly the moment for "Englishmen with long fair beards and a habit of asking intelligent questions," to select for a tour in France.

17. At the Beau Rivage in Geneva we met Mr. Greg, who had just been staying with my wife at Champéry. We arranged that he should accompany us in our journey, and after various chances and changes, my wife, Miss Erskine, Lubbock, his eldest boy and my two children, with three servants, got off from Sierre on the morning of August 19th, and

travelled by vetturino up the Valais to Viesch. To have moved so large a party at this season of the year in Switzerland would not usually have been an easy task, but the Franco-German War had emptied the hotels, and we had no trouble anywhere.

On the 20th Lubbock and I, with our respective eldest sons, climbed the Eggischhorn from the hotel. At the summit, which is over nine thousand feet high, there is a grand view including many peaks, and the beautiful Aletsch glacier with the Märgelen See, and much else. Thence we pursued the road, so familiar to English travellers, by the Rhone glacier, the Furka, and the Oberalp, following the Vorder Rhein—here a mere burn,—past Dissentis to Ilanz, where, united with the Mittel Rhein, it is already a river. From Ilanz we passed through lovely scenery to Reichenau at the junction of the Vorder and Hinter Rhein. Particularly charming was a mountain basin laid out in water meadows, which we skirted shortly before descending on Reichenau. Why, however, should I linger amongst scenes known to every one—on the Via Mala, or on the road from Thusis to the Albula, along part of which we drove to see a grand defile, and where I first came on the splendid *Gentiana*

asclepiadea in perfection? The lower slopes of the Splügen, on the Swiss side, are magnificent: the top and the upper slopes on either side uninteresting. On the Italian side, indeed, the beauty does not begin till one is well past Campo Dolcino, and comes on the chestnut woods, among the rough boulders and débris, which lie above Chiavenna. From that place we ascended the lovely Val Bregaglia, and climbed the great corkscrew of the Maloja pass; once at the top of which we had a few minutes of dismal wilderness, which reminded my wife and myself of the horrors of King's House, at the head of Glencoe. Soon, however, we came on the two green lakes which feed the Inn, and reached Samaden, where, even on the 27th of August, it was bitterly cold.

At Samaden I received a letter from Renan, which painted admirably the feelings of the best Frenchmen at this moment, and from which accordingly I make some extracts.

SÈVRES, 19 *Août*, 1870

MONSIEUR ET AMI—. . . Vous avez su peut-être qu'il y a six semaines j'ai fait une petite tournée en Écosse à Aberdeen, à Inverness, à Banff, avec le Prince Napoléon. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous dire que j'ai beaucoup songé

à vous, et que nombre de fois je me suis informé si vous n'étiez pas dans ces parages. Le Prince aussi désirait beaucoup vous connaître. Quel orage, cher ami, est survenu depuis ! quel accés d'aliénation mentale ! quel crime ! Le plus grand serrement de cœur que j'aie ressenti de ma vie a été quand nous avons reçu à Tromsoe le télégramme funeste qui nous apprenait que la guerre était certaine, et qu'elle allait être immédiate. Je vous avoue que je regardais le danger de la guerre comme écarté pour des années, peut-être pour toujours. L'avenir de la France me paraissait triste, médiocre, mais je ne redoutais pas un tel cataclysme. Le Prince en partant n'avait pas une ombre d'appréhension. Comme à moi ce qui est arrivé lui a fait l'effet d'un accés de subite folie. . . .

Quand pourrons nous reprendre nos sereines études, nos pacifiques entretiens ? Y'aura-t-il encore une société Française où l'on causera de tout ce qui fait l'honneur et l'ornement de la vie ? On en doute parfois. Conservez-moi au moins toujours votre amitié. Présentez mes hommages et les meilleurs compliments de ma femme à Madame Grant Duff.

We hardly stayed at Samaden, but made Pontresina our headquarters in the Upper Engadine, where we remained to the 4th, I spending many hours every day botanising in all directions with an admirable guide. There has been published for the Swiss Alpine

Club an excellent little manual for the botanist, containing only the rarest plants—the very blue blood of the Alps. Of these, during my week in these regions, I went very near to finding half—but I need not say that many of those I found were not in flower.

On the 31st of August on a long botanical excursion, which led me to the top of the Piz Ot, I saw through a telescope the prettiest sight, three marmots —Mr., Mrs. and a little one—at play.

September

3. Rumours, still quite indefinite, of the defeat and capture of the Emperor Napoleon reached us, but we received no authentic intelligence till we arrived at Meran, which we did on the 6th *via* Schulz, Nauders, and Spondinnig.

The beauty of Finstermünz, to which we made an excursion from Nauders, and the first view of the Ortlerspitz, were the things which most impressed me. At Meran Lubbock and his son left for England, but the rest of us pursued our journey by Botzen, Brixen and Brünecken, till we reached the point where the streams begin to run to the Drave and the Black Sea.

Thence, turning to the South, we crossed the magnificent Ampezzo, which I put very high amongst Alpine passes, and established ourselves for some days at Cortina, in the heart of the Dolomite mountains.

It was late in the season, and little was to be done in the way of finding new plants, but the district is an interesting one, and on the route from Atzwang to Cortina, by Campitello, a good harvest might be made. The scenery of the Dolomites is very charming, but I saw no view which struck me so much as that which one has from the great Ampezzo road, looking across to the old castle of Peutelstein. Miss Erskine and I walked by the Tre Croci to Schluderbach, where there is a charming little inn, much more comfortable than the Aquila Nera at Cortina.

On the 16th we continued our journey, turning aside for an hour from Tai to visit Titian's house at Pieve di Cadore, then following the Piave, which is turned to good account for cutting and floating wood, down a glorious valley, reaching Belluno in the evening, which was made memorable to me by a beautiful sunset. The next day we went on to Conegliano, which I connect chiefly with the following

lines from *Phantastes*, which Mr. Greg repeated to me there :—

"Warnings forgotten when needed most,
He clasped to his bosom the radiant ghost.

She wailed aloud, and faded, and sank ;
With upturned white face, cold, and blank.

In his arms lay the corse of the maiden pale,
And she came no more to Sir Aglovaile.

Only a voice when winds were wild
Sobbed and wailed like a chidden child."

Alas ! how easily things go wrong !
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long ;
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.

Alas ! how hardly things go right !
'Tis hard to watch in a summer night,
For the sigh will come, and the kiss will stay,
And the Summer night is a Winter day.

We reached Venice in the evening, and established ourselves at Danieli's, in cool pleasant weather, just a few days too late for the mosquitoes.

I had not been in Venice for nineteen years, and had most of the ordinary sights to see over again; which, however, did not prevent my wandering with Miss Erskine, who was an excellent walker, into almost every corner of the city, and floating about for hours, with Greg, watching the sunsets. Our favourite point was just behind the Giudecca, in order to reach which we had to follow the channel which runs close under the vineyards, to the infinite disgust of a large dog, who guarded them, and who used to charge into the water to try and reach us.

On the 20th we went to Torcello, a most memorable expedition, in which, as everywhere at Venice, we had Ruskin in our minds:—

"Then look further to the South. Beyond the widening branches of the lagoon, and rising out of the bright lake into which they gather, there are a multitude of towers, dark, and scattered among square-set shapes of clustered palaces, a long and irregular line fretting the southern sky. Mother and daughter, you behold them both in their widowhood—Torcello and Venice.

"Thirteen hundred years ago, the grey moorland looked as it does this day, and the purple mountains

stood as radiantly in the deep distances of evening; but on the line of the horizon, there were strange fires mixed with the light of sunset, and the lament of many human voices mixed with the fretting of the waves on their ridges of sand. The flames rose from the ruins of Altinum; the lament from the multitude of its people, seeking, like Israel of old, a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea.

"The cattle are feeding and resting upon the site of the city that they left; the mower's scythe swept this day at dawn over the chief street of the city that they built, and the swathes of soft grass are now sending up their scent into the night air, the only incense that fills the temple of their ancient worship."

And again: "If, two thousand years ago, we had been permitted to watch the slow-settling of the slime of those turbid rivers in the polluted sea, and the gaining upon its deep and fresh waters of lifeless, impassable, unvoyageable plain, how little could we have understood the purpose with which those islands were shaped out of the void, and the torpid waters enclosed with their desolate walls of sand! How little could we have known, any more than of what now

seems to us most distressful, dark, and objectless, the glorious aim which was then in the mind of Him in whose hand are all the corners of the earth! How little imagined that in the laws which were stretching forth the gloomy margins of those fruitless banks and feeding the bitter grass among their shallows, there was indeed a preparation, and the *only preparation possible*, for the founding of a city which was to be set like a golden clasp on the girdle of the earth, to write her history on the white scroll of the sea surges, and to word it in their thunder, and to gather and give forth, in the world-wide pulsation, the glory of the West and of the East, from the burning heart of her Fortitude and Splendour."

To-day arrived the news of the struggle at the Porta Pia, and the entry into Rome. I described the scene which followed in my Elgin speech of 1870:—

"The same tide of good fortune, which has of late years carried Italy to so many triumphs, has attended her during this eventful year; and at length for the first time, since, at the close of the Middle Ages, 'the lances of France gleamed through the defiles of the Alps,' she may be said to have her destiny in her own keeping.

I was in Venice when the news of the fall of Rome came thither, and it was a strange sight to see it spreading gradually over the whole of that beautiful city. First came rumours on the Piazza, each man telling his neighbour the message that the telegraph had brought. Then the newspapers sent out, in hot haste, printed slips headed *Roma e nostra*—Rome is ours. Then flags began to be put out, first of a few windows, then of many, till at length the great bell of the Campanile rang out over the lagoon, and was answered by similar peals from all the islands round. I do not quite agree with a friend who was with me at the moment, and who, under the well-known signature of W. R. G., has told us that there was very little enthusiasm. I thought that there was a good deal; but I will not deny that my own feelings of exhilaration received a check when, amidst all the holiday glitter I raised my eyes, and saw the four bronze horses in front of St. Mark's, looking down upon the scene. In Alexandria and in Rome, in Constantinople and in Paris, as well as in Venice itself, how many similar scenes had they witnessed, of how many illusions had they outlived the end! It is at such moments that the thought will arise unbidden—

'And what is life?—A little strife, where victories are vain,
Where those who conquer do not win, nor those receive who gain.'"

23. Early in the morning, with Miss Erskine to the Lido, which was emphatically to-day

"The bank of sand which breaks the flow of Adria towards Venice,"

for the sea outside was rough, with white horses everywhere.

In the evening we took a boat, and saw the sunset from a new point, near the lonely Church of St. George of the Seaweed.

24. Out at half-past five to see the sun rise off the island of St. Helena.

One does not go to Venice to botanise, but I found, nevertheless, one or two plants which were new to me, indigenous and other; more especially did I make the acquaintance of the beautiful shrub *Lagerstroemia Caucasica*, which, at a distance, has very much the effect of the lilac.

27. The rest of the party went straight to Bologna, but Miss Erskine and I, stopping at the station of Battaglia, visited Arqua, where Petrarch is buried, and

then drove through the Euganean Hills to San Zibio and Este, reaching Bologna very late at night.

The Euganean Hills are pretty enough, but I should advise travellers to content themselves with seeing them from the lagoon. To visit them after seeing them from Venice is to put oneself, more or less, in the position of the enthusiastic nobleman who bought Punch and Judy.

I went at Bologna, in my capacity of Rector of Aberdeen, to visit the Rector of this mother of Universities, and found Count Ercolani, a very intelligent person, much preoccupied with the amount of mischief that might be done to sound liberal progress, if the Roman Church were to make a close alliance with the advanced Democracy. This was the same idea which Mazzini put forward.[1]

The Botanic Garden and the old University, the so-called Archiginnasio, occupied me chiefly, to the exclusion of the usual sights, which I had seen before.

29. In Florence, spending much of the day with Mr. Marsh, the American Minister, and Sir James Hudson. It was, I think, this morning that I got the latter to tell Miss Erskine and my wife the very

[1] And on which Manning acted in the last years of his life.

remarkable story—which he told Mallet, and which Mallet told me—of his chase after Sir Robert Peel. It was to this chase that Disraeli alluded in the phrase which sent the House of Commons into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter :—

"When the hurried Hudson rushed through the chambers of the Vatican with the keys of St. Peter in one hand and——"

Here the House lost all command of itself, and the orator sat down, saying, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

It was Lord Campbell who, being then in the Commons, said to Mr. Disraeli—"Mr. Disraeli, when the impatience of the House prevented you finishing that most admirable speech, you had just mentioned that Mr. Hudson had the keys of St. Peter in one hand; would you indulge my curiosity by telling me what he had in the other?"

Thus ran Hudson's narrative :—

"He was sitting at the Pavilion at Brighton with Sir Herbert Taylor, in a little outer room, when Lord Melbourne passed in to the King, leaving the door ajar, and Hudson heard him tell His Majesty that Lord Althorp's removal to the other House made it

impossible for him any longer to carry on the Government, for want of somebody to lead in the Commons. 'Won't Lord John Russell do?' asked the King. 'No,' was the reply, 'he is not strong enough for the place.'

"When Lord Melbourne had gone, Sir Herbert Taylor went in to the King, and stayed some time with him. When he came out, he asked Hudson whether he would like a trip on the Continent. Of course Hudson was delighted. The King gave his sanction, the Queen her blessing, and he started that evening in a post-chaise for London.

"Arrived at the Palace, he went to the proper official, told His Majesty's orders, and asked for five hundred pounds. 'Five hundred pounds! and where am I to get five hundred pounds, on Sunday morning?' was the not unnatural answer; however, the case being urgent, they went off to Herries and Farquhar's Bank, knocked up an old clerk who lived on the premises, and at length got the money.

"Hudson then posted down to the coast, and made his way to Paris. Lord Granville, who was our ambassador there, was in the opposite interest, and neither he nor any of his staff would give the unwelcome inquirer more assistance than they could

help. They thought Sir Robert Peel had gone to Rome, but knew nothing of his movements. Hudson then pushed on across France, and after various adventures, which I forget, reached Turin. It was not, however, till he got to Bologna that he came on Sir Robert's track. Here he found the name of 'Sir Pill' entered in an hotel book as having gone on to Florence, whither he followed, and at last ran him down in Rome. Sir Robert was staying in one of the hotels in the Piazza di Spagna, I think the Europa, but when Hudson went to inquire for him he was out, gone to a ball at Torlonia's. Hudson saw, I think, however, Lady Peel. At a later hour Sir Robert sent for him. He found the great man standing bolt upright and exceedingly stiff behind a large table. He then gave the King's letter; whereupon Peel asked him when he had left England, and on being informed, said, 'You might have come quicker.' After a short and very disagreeable interview he returned to his hotel, and receiving the next day two letters from Peel, one for the King, and one for the Duke of Wellington, set out with all speed for England. He reached the coast at Boulogne, or Calais, just as the steamer, which then sailed only

twice a week, was leaving harbour; so there was nothing for it but to take an open boat. When they were well out at sea, one of the boatmen, who was extremely drunk, insisted on throwing him overboard as being an alien enemy, but was prevented by the rest, who, however, utterly refused to go into an English harbour, under the impression that they would be made prisoners of war. After some signalling, a boat came out, and, getting on shore, Hudson hurried up to London. He immediately drove to Apsley House, and left the letter for the Duke of Wellington; thence he went to some friend's house, and being terribly exhausted, slept far into the next day, wholly oblivious of the letter to the King. Meanwhile the King, hearing the news from the Duke of Wellington, became perfectly furious with his unfaithful messenger, and Hudson's friends advised him to disappear and lie *perdu*. At the end of a fortnight he was received back into favour, and the King gave him the unspent balance of the five hundred pounds. This he forthwith invested in the purchase of a horse, with which he went out hunting near Windsor, was attacked with a pitchfork by an infuriated farmer, and got into the greatest difficulty."

I ought not to forget to mention that before breakfast I went to Santa Maria Novella, always one of my favourite churches, though it had not, at this time, the interest which it later acquired for me.

30. Massari, introduced to me by Hudson as a dictionary of the present political situation, came to breakfast, and later Hudson arrived himself, with a great basket of grapes from his villa, talking his very best—and few talk as he does.

Later, I went with him to see my old acquaintance, Augustus Paget, who was then Minister in Italy, and by whom I was introduced to La Marmora.

October

I spent nearly the whole of the 1st of October looking over a property called Artemino, not far from Florence, on the line running to Viareggio, whither Paget, who accompanied me as far as the station where I got out, was going. I satisfied myself that Artemino would not be a desirable investment for me, whatever it might be for other people; but I by no means threw away my time, as I picked up some idea of the way in which land in Tuscany is managed.

On the 4th we left Florence for Milan, where also many things had to be re-seen, and from which I visited, likewise by Hudson's advice, Lainate, a property of the Duke of Litta's, which was in the market, and which he thought might suit some of our English friends.

6. After spending some hours in Verona, Miss Erskine and I retraced our steps to Desenzano, and steaming up the beautiful Lago di Garda, with its plantations of lemon trees below, and its villages perched on almost perpendicular cliffs above, landed at Riva, and drove in splendid but cold moonlight to the Mori station of the Brenner railway, rejoining our friends at Botzen, at two in the morning. Thence our route lay by Innspruck to Munich, and a little delay between Kufstein and that place was all the inconvenience which we suffered from the war.

On the 9th I spent an hour with Döllinger, and then went on the 10th to Darmstadt, where, to my vexation, I did not find Morier. Here, too, in consequence of some letters from England, we changed our plans, and did not go, as I had been urged to do, to Homburg. The letters which had reached me on this subject had not been sufficiently explicit, and it

was not till some time afterwards that I learned that I was to have been presented to the Queen of Prussia and the Crown Princess, both of whom I was very anxious to see. In Darmstadt I tried to find Strauss, whom I had missed on more than one occasion, in various places; but I was doomed to disappointment, and I never saw him at all. From Mrs. Morier, Auberon Herbert and others, we heard a good many details from the seat of war, but I saw no one else as I passed to the coast, except Dr. Kruse, the editor of the *Cologne Gazette*.

When we reached Ostend, on the 12th, a most furious gale was blowing, and the next day the steamer could not attempt the passage, so we retreated upon Bruges, where we passed some forty-eight hours, finding a good deal of amusement in the diamond shops, for a manufacture of coarse diamonds into peasant jewellery has lingered on here ever, I suppose, since the fifteenth century, for, if I mistake not, Bruges was the first seat of diamond cutting, or rather polishing, in Europe. The tomb of Mary of Burgundy, and of Charles the Bold, with much else, were of course visited.

On the 15th we ran across to Dover in lovely

weather, and at the rate of something like seventeen miles an hour.

22. At Rendcomb. In the first deal of whist to-night, the Chancellor, Lord Hatherley, and I, who were playing against Lord Henley and Mrs. Mildmay, did not hold one single trump—a thing I never saw happen before. We left off quits, nevertheless.

28. Bruce arrives from Eden, which I had lent him for the autumn, his own house being in the hands of the builders. Fishing in the Eden water the other day for salmon, he threw his line, and landed—strange to say—not a salmon, but a wild duck!

November

4. Amongst others, Kinglake dined with us. Speaking of the narrative of Sédan by Napoleon the Third, which lately appeared in the newspapers, he said to me, "It read like nothing but an account of the 1st of September by an escaped partridge."

13. To hear Wallace preach on Rationalism, in the old Greyfriars Church at Edinburgh. It was the plainest speaking I ever heard in a British pulpit, plain enough to make the old Covenanters, who were

buried round, start out of their graves and mob the preacher.

14. I am staying at 31 King Street, Aberdeen, with my Assessor in the University Court, Mr. John Webster,[1] always one of the pleasantest incidents in my year. An advocate (that is, what in England would be called a solicitor) with a good, but by no means great business, and a very moderate private fortune, living too in the "very nook of a nation," he has contrived to fill his house with the most charming things—pictures, engravings, exquisitely-bound books, autographs, and one of the finest collections of Rembrandt's etchings in Great Britain, of all of which he does the honours most delightfully.

Our walk to-day took us to the Brig of Balgownie, and, like some others that I have taken with him, might have been contrived for the purpose of recalling Byron's lines :—

"But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred
A whole one, and my heart flies to my head,

As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,

[1] M.P. for Aberdeen from 1880-1885.

The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's Brig's *black wall*,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

And though, as you remember, in a fit
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and curly,
I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,
Which must be own'd was sensitive and surly,
Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit—
They cannot quench young feelings fresh and early:
I '*scotch'd*, not kill'd,' the Scotchman in my blood,
And love the land of 'mountain and of flood.'"

18. To-day I read my address, in the Music Hall, on the occasion of my re-election as Rector, for a second period of three years.

20. I am staying at 3 Great Stuart Street, in Edinburgh, as often recently, with Mr. Shand.[1] One used to meet at his house the pleasantest people in Edinburgh society. To-day we had Wallace, Principal Tulloch of St. Andrews, Russel of the *Scotsman*; and last time, as I went through, Sir Alexander Grant,

[1] Now Lord Shand.

Professor Sellar, who wrote the *Roman Poets of the Republic*, the Lord Advocate Young, etc. etc.

December

4. I found so many very rare plants in the Engadine, that I thought it folly to throw them away, as I had hitherto been in the habit of doing with all my botanical spoils, after I had tried to fix their appearance in my memory, and had noted having found them. I left, accordingly, all the best of them with my guide, who has been drying them and sending them over by post. Having made this beginning of a collection, I thought I would make a complete English Herbarium of flowering plants and ferns, and I have opened to-day, for the first time, a collection of plants which I have bought from the Reverend A. Bloxam, nearly all of whose English Herbarium, which took fifty years to collect, became at a later period my property.

I went to-day, accompanied by Maine, to see George Eliot. Mr. Lewes told a good story of Michelet, who, he declares, once began a lecture as follows: "Messieurs, dans ce monde il y a deux

nations—Ces deux nations, Messieurs, sont les Juifs et les Français—ces deux nations ont deux livres, Messieurs, seulement deux—Les Juifs, Messieurs, ont la Bible—Les Français ont la Révolution ! "

He told also Royer Collard's answer when some one asked him if it was true that he had called Guizot an "austère intriguant," — "Est-ce que j'ai dit austère ? "

7. Down to Oxford to hear the last of Maine's lectures in the Hall at Corpus, which were afterwards published in his volume on *Indian Village Communities*. Maine then lived in Cornwall Gardens, whence the name given, I think by Sir Henry Thring, to that whole neighbourhood, which is now full of people who know each other—"Maine's Village Community." It is odd how the Government of India was, in 1870, carried on from Kensington. The Duke of Argyll lived at Campden Hill. My permanent colleague, Merivale, was within a few doors of me in Cornwall Gardens ; close to him was Sir Robert Montgomery, and farther along in the same line Stephen, then in India, had a house, while Halliday was, like me, in Queen's Gate Gardens.

12. To-day, at Rendcomb, Lacaita told me the

wonderfully striking epigram which is attributed to the Duke of Sermoneta, and which circulated in Rome just before Maximilian went to Mexico :—

"Massimiliano non ti fidare,
Torna all' castello di Miramare ;
Il trono fradice di Montezuma
È nappo Gallico pieno di schiuma :
Il vecchio adagio chi non ricorda
Dietro il chlamide truova la corda ?"

13. Dined to-day with the Metaphysical Society, of which I have just been elected a member. There were present on this occasion, Ward, the editor of the *Dublin Review*, who was in the chair ; next him, on the right, sat Ellicott, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol ; next him was Bagehot, the editor of the *Economist* ; and then in the order I mention— Henry Sidgwick, Alfred Tennyson, and Hutton of the *Spectator*. Next Ward, on the left, sat Knowles, editor of the *Contemporary Review*, and Secretary of the Society, next him Alford, Dean of Canterbury, and then, in the order I mention, Dalgairns, who was Newman's curate, and is now a leading member of the London Oratory, Frederick Harrison and

Froude, so that we were about as like the happy family in Trafalgar Square as we well could have been. Of course such a society could only exist on the understanding that every question was to be treated as an open one; *à propos* of which Arthur Russell made an excellent House of Commons answer to Simeon, who, meeting him as he came out of one of the earlier gatherings which took place at the Deanery in Westminster, rushed up with an appearance of great *empressement*, and said—"Well, is there a GOD?" "Oh yes," replied the other; "we had a very good majority."

21. With Lord Houghton at Fryston. He told me he had spent the last evening before Lamennais went to prison, with him, and had heard him say to Georges Sand: "There is something wanting to the noblest life, which does not end either on the battle-field, in the dungeon, or on the scaffold."

I had credited Lord Houghton with the excellent saying about the ——s, who did not know what to make of their charming daughter, that "they were like savages who had found a watch"; but he tells me that it was really said by the last Lady Dufferin.

23. Spent some time to-day looking through our host's autographs, of which he has a most remarkable collection. One letter from Strafford to his wife, before the evil days came upon him, seemed to me extraordinarily graceful. Another was equally characteristic and shorter — I remember it in its entirety, and here it is :—

Mon bon Monsieur—Donnez une bonne stalle au jeune M. Lévy, et Dieu ne vous la rendra pas.

Rachel.

1871

January

11. DINED for the second time with the Metaphysical Society, sitting between the opposite poles of opinion—Manning and Huxley. Amongst others present were Arthur Russell, the Duke of Argyll, Dean Stanley and James Martineau.

13. Mrs. Arthur Russell shows me a letter from her youngest sister, to a friend in England, which had been sent out by balloon, and which gave a far more striking picture of the position of a family of moderate means during the siege, than anything I had chanced to see. After describing their Christmas dinner, and giving a list of all the articles of ordinary consumption, which were not to be had, she remarked, that it did not seem strange to find this want of things at home, but that it did seem very strange to go to a great house like the Ministère de la Guerre,

and after passing through one splendid room after another, to eat a very small piece of horse off a Sèvres china plate.

15. Went over from High Elms with Lubbock, Huxley and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to call on Darwin, whom Lowe had never seen since they met as quite young men, on two neighbouring reading parties forty years ago. We stayed as long as it was safe, for a very little too much talking brings on an attack of the violent sickness which has been the bane of the great philosopher's life. As we returned, Huxley expressed the opinion, which was probably correct, that no man now living had done so much to give a new direction to the human mind. "Ah," said Lowe, "you think him the top-sawyer of these times." "Yes," said the other.

22. Met to-day at Mrs. Lewes's, Leland, who wrote *Hans Breitmann's Ballads*. He sent me somewhat later a volume of poems in a graver style, but I found nothing in them at all equal to a verse in one of the quasi-comic ones, that which describes the parting of the hero and the "Colonel Français."

This evening, at Lady William Russell's, Lord Houghton told the story of Ranke's answer to

Thiers, when he said to him lately—"Contre qui faites-vous la guerre en France?"—"Contre Louis Quatorze."

February

5. The Arthur Russells, Mallet and Browning, dined with us, the last in towering spirits, and extremely amusing; describing, amongst other things, the hymn with which one of the American sects, I think the Shakers, end the year, and in which they commemorate the departed members of the body.

22. Went down to look at Ightham Mote, not very far from Sevenoaks, which I half thought of taking. It is much the oldest house, as distinguished from castle, I have ever seen in Great Britain, part of it going back to Edward the Third, and surrounded, as the name implies, by a deep fosse.

25. The Breakfast Club met at Pollock's, and Lacaita told us that Lord Brougham confessed in his presence at Brougham Hall, after denying it for thirty years, that he had written the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which made Byron write *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

March

1. Dine and sleep with the Arnolds at Harrow, to meet the young Duke of Genoa, who is now living with them.

11. Jowett comes to stay with us to christen our little girl. The godmother Lady Henley, and the godfather John Warren, had arrived, when the most comical difficulty arose from Jowett's being unable to read the print of any prayer-book in the house. It was evening, and we had to send in all directions for one in which the service was in larger print, an enterprise in which, through a series of *contretemps*, we wholly failed, but at last he contrived to get through the ceremony with infinite trouble.

19. At Aldermaston for the Sunday, meeting, amongst others, Cole and Herbert Spencer, the last a very close keeper of his cell, and very rarely to be met with in general society. At one time he used to find even an ordinary conversation at dinner too exciting.

25. Down to Hampden, a place which I have taken on the top of the Chiltern Hills. The follow-

ing description of it is extracted from Murray's *Handbook*:—

"Three miles from Missenden (passing at a crossing an old tree known as King John's Tree), is a secluded spot high up among the Chilterns, where, shrouded in ancient woods and approached through a long beech avenue, stands Great Hampden, the paternal seat of the patriot John Hampden, and still the property of his descendant in the seventh generation, through heirs-female, Lady V. Cameron. The original house remains, and though much disfigured by modern whitewash and stucco, it is still interesting from its historical recollections. John Hampden, whose father died when he was three years old, was brought up here as the young lord of the ancient estate of the family. Hither, too, he returned after the dissolution of the Parliament of 1628; here he lost and mourned over his first wife, and spent eleven years in study (his favourite author being Davila, the historian of the Civil Wars in France), in field sports, and in the fulfilment of the duties of a country gentleman, in which he gained so great a popularity that, when he was supposed to be in danger, no less than four thousand Buckinghamshire

freeholders rode up to London to form a bodyguard for his person. Hence on Sunday, June 18th, 1643, he led forth his men to the fatal field of Chalgrove. He never returned alive, but as many soldiers as could be spared from the adjacent quarters of the army brought his body through the lanes of the Chilterns to be buried in his own churchyard, marching with arms reversed, muffled drums, and their heads uncovered, chanting the ninetieth Psalm as they came, and the forty-third as they departed, and—'Never were heard such piteous cries at the death of one man as at Master Hampden's.'—Clough.

"In the Park, which is diversified with oak-covered knolls, is the avenue called the Queen's Gap, which was cut to make an entrance for Elizabeth on her visit to his grandfather, Griffith Hampden, by whom the hall was almost rebuilt.

"Near the house is the picturesque church, where on the south wall of the chancel is the plain, dark grey tablet erected by Hampden to his first wife, Elizabeth Simeon, with his beautiful epitaph upon her.

"The Chilterns are here much broken by wooded dells, in and above which the box appears to be

indigenous. The woods of Hampden terminate to the north, upon the bare brow of a lofty hill called Green Holy, in the side of which is cut in the chalk the form of a cross, which is seen from all the country round. This monument, of very remote antiquity, is called the White Leaf Cross (from the hamlet of White Leaf)."

April

13. Finished and sent off the introduction to my *Elgin Speeches* for the last ten years, which Edmonston and Douglas have just reprinted.

23. With Henry Smith and Sackville Russell,[1] from Oxford to the Fritillary Field opposite Iffley, now in great beauty.

May

7. The real way to enjoy the country is to live in the town. We are using Hampden by going down there from Saturday to Monday, and taking a party with us. To-day, amongst others, Blennerhassett, the Spottiswoodes and Miss Wilson are with us. It has been almost cloudless; the cowslip is in perfection; the primroses still very numerous; the first green just

[1] Later Duke of Bedford.

coming on the beech; the wild hyacinth making blue lakes in the woods.

28. The hawthorn and laburnum in their glory at Hampden; the lilac still in flower, but a little going off; the wild hyacinth growing pale and fading, but still very beautiful; the ash, Spanish chestnut and tulip tree coming into full leaf; the oak almost or altogether out, but with its red green. The beech has lost its first very delicate shade. The primrose and cowslip are almost quite over; the buttercup in vast abundance.

June

4. At Hurstbourne for the Sunday. We walked after luncheon to see the horses, Lord Portsmouth being a great breeder of racers. Sydmonton, a hero in that line, and a most magnificent creature, has been taught to beg when his mistress goes to see him.

28. John Brandis, Faucher, George Bunsen and Michaelis, who had come over to attend the dinner of the Cobden Club, dined with me in town to meet Blennerhassett, Arthur Russell, Bruce and Goschen. Miss Erskine and my wife took fright at the German

economists, and accepted another invitation, getting very much bored for their pains.

July

1. Arthur Russell and I went down to Hampden by Rickmansworth and Chenies, where the Russells are buried.

2. Most of our Sundays this year have been fine, but to-day was wet. We were lucky, however, in having Mrs. Scott Siddons staying with us, who made the afternoon pass quickly by reading from Shakespeare, and acting, in the drawing-room, the sleep-walking scene from Macbeth.

4. I had a visit to-day from Sir James Hudson, and lately one from Mr. Lyall, later Sir Alfred Lyall, an Indian civilian, who wrote the poem called "Theology in Extremis," which appeared in the *Cornhill* for September 1868, and is, in my opinion, one of the most remarkable that has been written in our generation.

5. At Lady William's to-night: there was present, amongst others, Odo Russell, just appointed Ambassador to Berlin.

11. The subject of discussion at the Metaphysical Society was a paper by Dr. Ellicott, on "What is Death?" Amongst others present was Thirlwall, the Bishop of St. David's. Some remarks which were read by Greg seemed to me much more to the purpose than anything else I heard.

16. Sir Robert Collier, the Attorney-General and a charming artist, is staying with us at Hampden, and leaves us, as a memorial of his visit, an extremely pretty sketch of the archway on the right of the house.

24. Dined with the Simpsons, meeting the Duc de Broglie, the Stanleys, Helps, Dr. de Mussy, Kinglake, Mat. Arnold and others.

Ivan Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist, told me to-night, on the authority of a person who had been present, that when Moltke heard that war was decided on, he went straight to a bureau in which he had been hiving up for years his plans for the invasion of France, and as he turned the key, Tourgueneff's informant heard him say to himself, "Also doch!" Few more pregnant words have, I think, been recorded in history.

During the Franco-German War, I took up a

book, which was lying on the table at the Athenaeum, upon Diebitsch's campaign in Turkey. It had been translated by some one at the time when all eyes were fixed on the Lower Danube in 1853-54, and the translator had prefixed to it a short notice in which he or she mentioned that the original was by a Prussian officer, the Baron von Moltke, who was now dead. Some one had written in pencil in the margin, "For a dead man he is surprisingly active, 1870."

August

22. Of all weary and hateful Sessions, this has been the weariest and most hateful. "But somehow or other it ended at last," and this morning Lubbock, Henry Smith, Greg, Miss Wilson, my wife and myself crossed the Channel and slept in Paris.

There were Prussian soldiers at the station of Creil; but neither on our road, nor in Paris itself, did we come across as many traces of the war as might have been expected.

From Paris we went to Dijon, and the same remark holds good of the journey thither.

From Dijon, where we went to look at the

Cathedral and its two massive towers by moonlight, we travelled through the fir forests of the Jura, covered with moss in a way quite new to me; had fine views over the plains of France; traversed the dreary flat that lies at the top of the range; passed Pontarlier, where Mirabeau made love to Sophie, and following in the track of Bourbaki's beaten army down the Val de Travers, reached Noiraigues, where there is a typical *cirque*, emerging from the hills at last on the Lake of Neufchâtel, the view of which is provokingly interrupted by thick hedges of Robinia.

25. The reflection of Orion's belt in the still lake waters was exceedingly beautiful, and later in the early morning the great chain was admirably seen—deep purple with no trace of snow visible. Further on in the day, the whole appearance changed, and nothing but snow could be discerned.

From Neufchâtel we went to Lucerne, and ran up its lovely lake, on which I had never sailed before, to Brünnen. From Brünnen we went by Altdorf to Amsteg, paying a proper tribute of course to the Tell legend as we passed, and lingering long in the evening light upon the bridge which forms the very picturesque commencement of the St. Gotthard road. Thence,

falling for a day or two into our last year's route, we passed by the Devil's Bridge to Hospenthal and the Furka. Henry Smith and I walked up this last pass in a thick mist, but happily it did not extend down the other side, and we had grand views of the ice cataract of the Rhone glacier, as we descended on the hotel at its lower extremity. Here we lingered for a day, and Lubbock and I took a very long walk—he to examine the glacier, I to look for plants. I found few that were new to me, but would strongly advise any one who does not know the autumn vegetation of the Alps, to follow the path along the side of the glacier, keeping it on his right. He will hardly be disappointed. From the Rhone glacier we descended to Brieg, and slept at Berisal. For the botanist, the Simplon at this season is very much less interesting than the Splügen. The yellow *Achillaea tomentosa* was my principal prize as I crossed it.

At Berisal a stranger got into conversation with us after supper, and before leaving the room, wrote his name in the hotel book. He turned out to be Daoud Pasha of the Lebanon, and next day Lubbock and I had a long conversation with him, chiefly about financial matters. It was of Daoud that Layard

was speaking disparagingly one day when we were talking of Turkish politicians. I asked him, "Why do you think ill of him?" "Well," replied Layard, "in the first place he is a Christian": which reminds me of Arthur Russell's story of his being warned by his friends in Constantinople to be cautious how he went about alone at night, "For," said they, "there are so many Christians about!"

The great dogs of the Hospice greeted us as we passed, and we rattled down the glorious gorge of Gondo to Duomo d'Ossola, where one of our party distinguished him, or her self, by going into a shop and asking for a "mattaccio" instead of a "temperino," the object desired being not "a great big fool"—but a penknife. Thence we pursued our road by Vogogna, at which place Henry Smith left us for a day or two to visit the Pestarena gold mines, rejoining us in the delightful Bellevue at Baveno, where we stayed for some days to forget the hateful Session, and the rather too rapid journey that had brought us hither. Of course we went to the Isola Bella, and the less visited, but in its way equally charming, Isola Madre.

September

It was on the 2nd of September, when sailing round the first of these islands, that Miss Wilson sang to us, for the first time, Heine's "Lorelei," which we afterwards connected with so many charming scenes visited together.[1] On the 3rd of September, coming down the Monterone (which I advise none to visit at this season, botanist or other, unless for the view of Monte Rosa from the top), Lubbock fell and lost a bunch of keys, which were, strange to say, returned to him many months after in London.

Under one of these days I have noted an epigram, which Greg, who had lived long among the English lakes, repeated to me, and which accurately describes their climate :—

"How well the firmament obeys the ordinance divine !
It must not rain for forty days, but does for thirty-nine."

The pleasant halt of Baveno, our Aranjuez of this journey, came only too soon to an end, and we went on to Bellaggio. I had quite forgotten the character

[1] In 1871, 1872, and 1873.

of the Lake of Como, its narrowness, wildness, and steep sides.

We tarried several days at Bellaggio, swimming in the lake, seeing the principal villas, and sailing about.

At Bergamo, Lubbock left us to join his family on the coast of Normandy, while we went on to Verona, and Vicenza, which last place was new ground to us, and where we gave a day to Palladio, without, however, receiving anything like so much delight as Goethe would have wished us to have done. We happened to go into the Cathedral, which has a particularly sweet organ, just as the Benediction, always the most charming of religious services, was going on.

The evening of the 9th saw us once more at Venice, this time established on the Grand Canal.

10. Went to see our Vice-Consul, Mr. Valentine, whose acquaintance I made last year. ' In the twelve months that have elapsed since we were here, Venice has decidedly advanced. From 1859 to 1866 its commerce declined. From 1866 to 1870 it recovered, and stood last year just where it did in 1852. This year there is a distinct move forward.

I have noted under this date an epigram by Mansel, the Dean of St. Paul's, which Henry Smith repeated to

me. There was, it appears, some years ago, a project in Oxford of requiring two *essays* to be composed for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Mansel wrote :—

"Your degree of D.D. you propose to convey
When an A. double S. writes A. double S.A."

I think it was the day that we went up the Monterone that he told me the story of the American doctor, who, called in to prescribe for a child, the nature of whose complaint was not clear to him, said : "I'll give the little cuss a powder ; then it'll have a fit, and I'm a dab at fits."

When Miss ——, the lady doctor, married, an arrangement was made or talked of, that another lady, a Miss Morgan, should live at the top of the house and take her friend's night practice. Henry said, "It was a Morganatic arrangement."

11. In the afternoon we went out to the lonely island of San Francesco in Deserto, which I had a great curiosity to see. Those of the monks who chose to stay, have been allowed to do so, not, of course, as a community. It is the strangest, out-of-the-world little corner, far in the lagoon, and well deserves to bear the two inscriptions which it bears :—

"O beata solitudo,
O sola beatitudo,"

and

"Elongavi fugiens, et mansi in deserto."

One of the monks said to my wife: "Una lieta vita e la mia vita."

Our sail back was charming, and we did not reach Barbesi's till about 9 o'clock. Every stroke of the gondoliers' oars, and every movement of the boat, made the sea-fire flash out in all directions.

In our many sails, this year and last, we used to speculate, without coming to any distinct conclusion, as to the locality of the Madonna dell' acqua, which Ruskin has immortalised in the lines :—

"Around her shrine no earthly blossoms blow,
No footsteps fret the pathway to and fro ;
No sign nor record of departed prayer,
Print of the stone, nor echo of the air,
Worn by the lip, or wearied by the knee,—
Only a deeper silence of the sea :
For there, in passing, pause the breezes bleak,
And the foam fades, and all the waves are weak ;
The pulse-like oars in softer fall succeed,
The black prow falters through the wild seaweed—

Where, twilight-borne, the minute thunders reach
Of deep-mouthed surf that bays by Lido's beach."

On the 12th we went past San Giorgio in Alega to Fusina, in order to realise what the approach to Venice was in the olden time. Much of the 13th was passed on the always charming Lido; and on the 14th we went with Layard, who has now left the House of Commons and is our Minister in Spain, to see Salviati's glass manufactory at Murano, where a man was at work, whose ancestors have been blowing glass at Murano for five hundred years—pretty well for our degenerate West. Our degenerate West I say, having in my mind the answer of a punkah-puller to an English lady, who encouraged him to improve his position. "Mem Sahib," he said, when he at last grasped her meaning, "my father pulled a punkah, my grandfather pulled a punkah, all my ancestors for four million ages pulled punkahs, and before that, the god who founded our caste pulled a punkah over Vishnu!"

In the evening we embarked on the Trieste steamer and crossed to that place, where we dined with Mr. Lever, who was then our Consul, and the brightest and pleasantest of hosts.

On the 16th by two o'clock we steamed out of

Trieste in the *Saturno*, a fine Austrian Lloyd's steamer, and after about six hours saw the light that marks the way into Pola, while by bed-time we were nearly off Promontorio, the southern point of Istria.

When I came on deck about six, on the 17th, we were off Isola Grossa. During breakfast we passed Lissa, the scene of the great sea-fight, and by five were in the latitude of Ragusa. It was a most lovely day, the sea perfectly calm, of an indigo blue, and the spray made by the prow flowed over the still water like foam on a level sandy shore.

On the morning of the 18th the scene changed, and it was blowing very hard from the south-west before we reached the island of Sazona. By ten o'clock we were running past Cape Glossa in Chimari, and, as we neared Corfu, we had to stop repeatedly for want of light to see our way, the wind having risen to a gale, with furious showers at intervals, accompanied by thunder. Evening fell as we reached Corfu, and going on shore was out of the question. The lightning, making now the town, now the mountains of Albania, perfectly clear, was some compensation for our imprisonment, and "the thunder hills of fear" certainly did *their* duty.

By the next morning the storm had passed, and we had a glorious sail as long as we were under the lee of Corfu. Beyond it we were struck by the south-west swell, and the great ship rolled badly till we got into the Channel of Ithaca just at five in the evening. It was, however, a most interesting day. We passed, on the right, Paxo, near which the steersman heard the cry that the great god Pan was dead. On the left was the Suliot country, and the port of Phanari, into which the Acheron flows after being joined by the Cocytus. Then came the mouth of the Ambracian Gulf, and Actium, with Leucadia lying over our bows across the heaving sea. As we sailed along its scarlet and orange cliffs, Greg and Miss Wilson read the *Corsair* aloud. The scene where the three isles of Leucadia, Cephalonia and Ithaca nearly meet is perfectly enchanting.

On this, as on all the nights which we spent at sea together, Henry Smith delighted us by expounding the constellations, which so few people ever take the trouble to understand, but which add so much to the pleasure of travelling in this part of Europe.

We had calm water and bright moonlight all through the Channel of Ithaca. That passed, we

came into a rather rougher sea opposite the Gulf of Lepanto, but soon got under the shelter of Zante. By this time, however, the moon was setting, and the last I saw was the light at Katakolo, the port of Olympia.

20. I came on deck at five, just in time to see the sun rise over Taygetus, but just too late to see Sphacteria. We were running between Modon and the island of Sapienza. I called up Smith, and we saw Ithome together. Then passing Cabrera on the right, and Venatico on the left, we entered the Gulf of Coron, and saw that place far away. We continued our course steering for Cape Matapan, the southernmost point of the European Continent, in a groundswell, the last effort of the storm which had struck us off the coast of Albania. As we approached Matapan, we kept watching the Mainote coast, and above all Cape Grosso, once the territory of Mavromicheli, whom Greg had known. Soon after ten we rounded Matapan, and opened the Gulf of Kolokythia. Far up on the left lay Marathonisi, the ancient Gythium, next the valley of the Eurotas, and then Helos.

As we approached Malea, Greg and my wife read the *Siege of Corinth* to us. Under Cerigo the

swell grew less, and we met the fresh breeze from the Ægean, which showed that we had got into a different weather region. Some half-dozen ships were coming through the Channel with all sail set, almost the only ones we had met since we came out of Trieste. I have often been struck in the Mediterranean with the small number of ships which one sees, in an age when we talk so much of the expansion of commerce.

We doubled Malea, saw the hermit, who gave us his blessing, and found ourselves in a sea perfectly calm, but not more enchantingly beautiful than that we had left behind. Our course lay due north-east, and at twenty minutes to four the coast of the Morea was getting dim. We had soon a magnificent sunset over Laconia, with long columns of gold on the water. The first hours of night took us into the Channel of Serpho, with Seriphos to the north and Siphnos to the south. I slept for some hours and came on deck as, with a fresh breeze blowing, we were running along the south side of Syra, in the harbour of which we anchored at two o'clock A.M.

21. I was awake by five, saw the sun rise over Delos, then went on deck to find the town of Syra towering up right in front of us, with its flat roofs

below, and a convent or monastery on the summit of the hill. After long delay we ran out in a smaller vessel than that which had brought us from Trieste, and with a delicious breeze. We sailed with Paros seen far to the right behind us, next came a glimpse of Naxos, then Delos, Rhenaea and Myconos, all looking like one island: to which succeeded the pleasant well-watered Tenos and Andros. Soon turning round Syra, we followed the channel between Andros and Gyara, and ran across the Doro passage, of evil nautical fame, but which to-day, with the white horses dancing over its intensely blue waters, was surpassingly lovely. Far off, to the north, lay Carystos dimly seen,—then we ran under the lee of Cea, with Cythnos (Thermia) on the left. These behind us, we began to see Macronisi (St. Helena) on the right, St. George on the left, and the white temple of Sunium right in front. As we drew near we saw the island of Patroclus opposite it, and Hydra far to the south. After dinner we came up to see Ægina to the left, and Salamis before us, while the sun went grandly down over the Acrocorinth; and Hymettus, Pentelicus and Parnes, all met our eyes for the first time. It was dark before we entered the Piraeus, and, after the

usual horrors of a Levantine disembarkation, landed and drove up to Athens.

We stayed there till the 30th, seeing the place most diligently, with Mr. Watson, our Secretary of Legation, who was bringing out the new edition of Murray's *Handbook*, for our principal guide.

We spent almost every evening on the Acropolis to see the sun set, and lingered there till the moon had risen high above Hymettus; saw a good deal of Mr. Finlay, whom Acton well called somewhere "one of the wisest of our historians," visited the King, the Prime Minister Commonduros, and old General Church, who was still extremely vigorous, and told us that, till recently, when the sharks had become too dangerous, he was constantly in the habit of swimming far out into the Saronic Gulf. My wife sketched a great deal here, and succeeded extremely well, both with the Acropolis and the Parthenon.

On the 29th we climbed Pentelicus, accompanied by a small army of horse and foot, for the police was, not without reason, very nervous, although no brigands were at this time known to be in Attica. Things became very much worse a few months later, for when Mr. Watson passed through London early in 1872, on

his way to Japan, he told us that a plot had been discovered to carry off the young Duke of Sparta, that no one was allowed to go even as far as the Olive Wood, and that certain members of the *Corps Diplomatique*, who had been in the habit of walking round the Acropolis at the same hour every day, had been warned that if they chose to walk round the Acropolis, they should vary their hours for doing so.

We did not go to the top of Pentelicus, but to a point a little short of it, where you get the first view of the plain of Marathon. Thence descending by breakneck paths, but on brave though half-starved little mountain horses, we returned to have tea at the monastery, and so back to Athens.

Of course it was a detestable season for botanising, probably almost the worst moment in the whole year. Still, with the kind help of Professor Heldreich, I did something.

October

1. We drove very early down to the Piraeus, and embarked on a steamer which took us to Kalimaki. As we ran out I translated aloud the account of Salamis in the Persae. When we had left behind that island,

the length of which surprised me, we had Megara and the Scironian Way on the right, while on the other side were views of Ægina, of Methana, and of the Bay of Epidaurus. Later came the site of Cenchreae. It was precisely the scene described in Byron's well-known stanza, and in the letter of Servius Sulpicius, on which it is founded :—

"Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,
The Roman friend of Rome's least mortal mind,
The friend of Tully : as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piraeus on the right,
And Corinth on the left ; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight."

From Kalimaki we crossed the Isthmus, in a couple of carriages. Such was the insecurity of the country that the whole road was watched by troops, and in many cases sentries were posted in coigns of vantage, amongst the branches of the exquisite green pines, which still, as of old, clothe all this region. We wandered about New Corinth, and looked wistfully at the "hoary rock," which the clumsy arrangements of the Steam Company would not allow us to visit,

though we lost much time in the roads of Lutraki, watching, for want of something better to do, the huge medusae which floated round the ship. I did not see the Gulf of Lepanto to much advantage, thanks to rather misty weather, but remarked *inter alia* the site of Sicyon, the peaks of Parnassus, Helicon, and Cyllene. In the evening we were at Patras, surrounded by English steamers loading currants, and by the time I got up in the morning we were lying in the lovely Bay of Zante, amidst a profusion of flowers, which had been brought to do honour to a young lady who was on board with her *fiancé*, Count Lunzi, a very agreeable and intelligent inhabitant of the island, whom we had been continually meeting since we left Trieste.

The sun rose in great beauty over Elis, but there had been a storm to the westward, and the horrid little Greek boat, in which we sailed, rolled piteously from the time we got out of the shelter of Zante, till we ran into the Gulf of Argostoli in Cephalonia, behaving itself in an even more lively way from the time we left Argostoli, till we got under the lee of Corfu. As we did so the moon came up from behind the Albanian mountains, and the last two hours were delicious.

3. We spent the day driving about Corfu, which, seen at this season, is a paradise, and must be in spring perfectly divine. Our chief drives were to the pass of Garuna, and the elevated point which commands the site of the old Corcyra, where, as I need hardly say, we did not forget Newman's sonnet :—

"I sat beneath an olive's branches grey,
And gazed upon the site of a lost town
By sage and poet chosen for renown ;
Where dwelt a race that on the sea held sway,
And, restless as its waters, forced a way
For civil strife a thousand states to drown,
That multitudinous stream we now note down,
As though one life, in birth and in decay.
Yet is their being's history spent and run,
Whose spirits live in awful singleness,
Each in his self-formed sphere of light or gloom ?
Henceforth, while pondering the fierce deeds then done,
Such reverence on me shall its seal impress
As though I corpses saw, and walked the tomb."

Henry Smith and I went to bathe, and found great precautions taken against the sharks, which have long been troublesome here. We had observed similar arrangements adopted at Trieste, where I had never heard of sharks being seen, but it would appear that

those agreeable animals were tempted up the Adriatic by the carnage at Lissa, and having once got so far, thought it worth while to go a little farther.

It was on this occasion that my companion told me the story of an American, who, having wearied his friends by constantly boasting of being taken for Louis Napoleon, was pulled up by one of them saying, "My dear fellow, that's nothing. As I was walking along the street the other day, a man, whom I had never seen in my life, slapped me on the shoulder and said, 'God Almighty! is that you?'"

It may be doubted whether Corfu is prospering very much, although the Court and the *Corps Diplomatique* are a good deal here. The individual, who, on the day on which the English left, being asked how soon he thought that a change would be perceived in the way things went on, replied, "In about half an hour, sir," was, I fear, no bad prophet.

We crossed in good weather to the Italian coast, and when I came on deck about four o'clock in the morning I saw the lights of Brindisi, where we spent the day, looking over a collection of fictile vases which our Consul, Mr. Grant, had found at Gnatia. From Brindisi we travelled all night by Foggia and Bene-

vento to Naples. The time from the 5th to the 8th was given to that place and its environs, the last of these days being made memorable to me by a visit to, and bathe in, the Blue Grotto. This, too, was the last day which Henry Smith, who had to return to Oxford for the commencement of term, was able to spend with us, and we lost the benefit of his society on the journey from Naples to Rome, where it would have been peculiarly valuable, seeing that almost every station bore some name famous in ancient history.

My first proceeding on the morning of the 10th was to buy Hare's *Walks about Rome*, a book which had come out since I was last here.

On the 15th we left Rome, saw the sun set over the Thrasimene Lake, and reached Florence.

16. When I was seeing some of our party to the door of the Uffizi to-day, whom should I meet but Mr. Charles Villiers? I returned presently, and found him sitting in the Tribune. "Well, there they are," he said, "looking just as they used to do," and went off at score into English politics!

Amongst things which I had not seen in Florence, nothing struck me so much as Titian's "Death of

Lucretia" in the house of Michael Angelo, which, surely, has not had its fair amount of fame in the world.

From Florence, we journeyed to Spezia, where we rowed out through the channel of Palmaria to opposite Porto Venere. From Spezia we went by the Riviera di Levante and through the Mont Cenis Tunnel (which had just been opened) to Aix, Paris and London, which we reached on the 25th of October; but illness and anxiety at home, combined with much official business, made the concluding months of the year unfruitful in the kind of events which I record in these pages.

1872

January

7. Rode over from Rendcomb to see the very remarkable Roman Villa not far from Cirencester.

February

12. Benthall, the Duke's Private Secretary, came into my room and told me that a telegram had arrived announcing the murder of Lord Mayo.

15. Debate in the Lords about the appointment of Sir Robert Collier to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, with regard to which much nonsense was talked, about this time. I would not mention it, except to note the happy name that some one gave the incident—"*L'affaire du Collier.*"

March

4. Dined at the Athenaeum with Lord Monck,

Admiral Carnegie and others. Hayward repeated Madame de Noailles's saying about the Comte de Chambord's obstinate clinging to the white flag, certainly one of the best political *mots* of recent years. "Il ressemble à Virginie, qui se noyait plutôt que laisser tomber sa chemise." Hayward's own reply to Madame Apponyi, when she asked him in 1867, "What on earth is the compound householder, about which Mr. Gladstone is perpetually talking?" also deserves a high place. "Madame," he replied, "c'est le mari de la femme incomprise."

9. The Duke of Argyll could not go down to the dinner which the Mayor of Winchester gave to Lord Northbrook, on the eve of his departure for India. I went, accordingly, instead of him, and spoke as follows :—

"I regret that the illness of my noble friend the Secretary of State for India, and the exigencies of public business (which, obliging Cabinets to be held on Saturday, do not permit the early closing movement to extend to those whom some one described as the first sixteen of the Anglo-Saxon Race), have thrown the duty of responding to this toast upon one who occupies only a subordinate position in Her Majesty's

Government. In an assembly like this, where various shades of politics are represented, many of the proceedings of the existing Administration are no doubt looked upon with very imperfect sympathy ; but there is one of its proceedings which I think we all regard with perfect sympathy—the proceeding, I mean, which brings us together on this occasion.

" Her Majesty's Ministers, fortunate in having more than one person on whom their choice might have fallen with the approval of the country, are doubly fortunate in having selected for an unique position one who, in addition to all those other qualities which most of us know so well, and of which it would be so improper now to speak, has an unique experience of official life at home, and a minute acquaintance with the thoughts and ways of both branches of the legislature. They have selected him, I say, for an unique position ; for, after allowing for all deductions and drawbacks (and they are neither few nor small), there is no position to which a subject could now aspire, which gives to a man of high aims and strong purpose the same opportunity of advancing the happiness of mankind, as the Viceroyalty of India. Among the many benefits of Parliamentary institutions, we can

hardly venture to reckon the good effect which they produce upon the minds and characters of those who mainly work them. No statesman reaches the highest office in this country without going through an amount of wear and tear which exhausts more than it trains him. The bloom is very much off the plum before success is achieved at all, and when it is achieved, little more is achieved than a right of initiative, with the certainty that the actual out-turn of his activity will take a form very different from that which approves itself to the Statesman's own mind. Quite otherwise is it with the Viceroy. Going to India generally in the prime of life, he passes about half his time in a climate certainly as favourable to health as that of the House of Commons. Far from being exhausted by a constant drain on his intellect unaccompanied by any adequate process of restoration, he is, at least for the first two or three years of his residence in India, perpetually taking in new ideas, and growing no less in knowledge than in the power to use it. Instead of wasting his energies in guarding himself against the criticism of keen opponents, or lynx-eyed candid friends; instead of holding himself ready at any moment to make a speech, an hour long,

about some miserable trifle of administration or patronage, he is only just enough controlled by the Secretary of State in Council to make him reasonably cautious. Whether his political friends or his political adversaries are in power, he may reckon pretty confidently on a full and ungrudging support at home; for it is seldom, indeed, that India is allowed to become the battle-field of party. It has been usual to describe the position of the Indian Viceroy by a term borrowed from the Roman world. Thus a modern writer has said:—

"'And after Hastings, still there came a great and glorious line
Of Proconsul on Proconsul, to tend his high design;
Of councillors and heroes, whose names shall live for aye,
With the Wellesley of Mysore, and the Wellesley of Assaye.'

"But in truth the position of the Viceroy in no respect corresponds to that of a Proconsul. Not only was there no Roman Proconsulate which remotely approached India in size or population—not only are the powers of the Viceroy enormously greater than those of any Proconsul, but the whole spirit in which

our government of India is carried on is utterly different from anything that ever existed in the Roman, or any other Empire. This is a fact which people too often forget, when they attempt to cast the horoscope of the British race in Asia. There never was anything in the world the least like our position there, and all reasoning from supposed historical parallels breaks hopelessly down. Several recent events have led people to speculate gloomily about the future in India, but assuredly without reason. India is always, in a certain sense, in a critical situation, for the rule of two hundred millions[1] of men by one thousand aliens is, and must for ever continue, a matter of extreme difficulty. If, however, we compare India, as it is, not with some ideal standard, but with India as it ever has been, the small dangers and troubles of the present will appear in their true light. What dangers there may be below the surface we know not, but the dangers, to which our alarmists point, are no real dangers at all. Even in finance, which is, and in the nature of things must be, by no means the most satisfactory side of our affairs,

[1] Our estimate of the population of India was too low, in those days, by some forty millions.

we have at present a good report to give. The year which ended on the 31st March last, closed with a large surplus; the year which is coming to an end, will close with a still larger one. The little war, which we have been carrying on against the Looshai barbarians, is drawing to a close, and nothing very serious disturbs the comparative quiet of our own provinces, or the native States which are scattered up and down among them. I say this in no spirit of over-confidence, for I do not forget that the first message which met Lord Canning, when he landed in India, was 'All is well in Oudh.' But of this I am sure, that whether calm days, or days of storm, or days of moderate weather, are before us, our affairs will be entrusted to a pilot whose hand on the helm will be *very firm*. By sending him to the helm, Her Majesty's Ministers have done a wise and patriotic act, and in default of a more authoritative spokesman, I thank the assembly, in their name, for the approval, which you have expressed by drinking their and my health on this occasion."

18. Some years ago, under the influence of John Warren, whose remarkable powers of observation made him almost as good a Greek numismatist as he

is an English botanist, I began to pick up a little knowledge about Greek coins, and now and then to buy some, either in original or electrotype. To-day I went to see, at the British Museum and at Feuardent's, part of the great Wigan collection, which is being dispersed, and some of the best specimens of which were afterwards secured for the nation. Mr. Wigan, who was a hop and isinglass merchant, had taken enormous trouble over his coins, and I remember Feuardent's showing me one, which he had changed two-and-twenty times, getting it always in better and better condition.

To-day, too, I dined with Rawlinson to meet Northbrook, Hobart and Sir Philip Wodehouse, all on the eve of starting to take charge of the Governments of India, Madras and Bombay, respectively. Sir Henry Elliot was also of the party, and in the evening there came Watson, who is just going to Japan, Gifford Palgrave, Maine, Merivale, Iskander Khan, the grandson of Dost Mahommed, and many others: altogether it was one of the most interesting parties at which I was ever present, and in its way, I should think, unique.

19. There took place in the House this evening

the most scandalous disturbance I had ever seen there up to that date, occasioned by Mr. Auberon Herbert insisting on speaking upon a motion of Sir Charles Dilke's, when the House wanted to divide. I did not get away to dinner till twenty minutes to ten, when Coleridge and I went together to Sir Edward Buller's.

20. Dined with the Duke of Argyll to meet Northbrook, who is going off to-morrow.

25. Breakfasted with Poole, the head of the Coin Department in the British Museum, to see a very remarkable collection of electrotypes belonging to a friend of his. It was somewhere about this time, I think, that I bought the complete set of the Greek electrotypes exhibited in the British Museum, accompanied by the catalogue which has been prepared with infinite care by one of Poole's best men—a most instructive and very beautiful possession. The whole cost me under £30.

26. My wife, Sir John Lubbock and I left London, and went to Marlborough, *via* Newbury. The next morning we drove by the Devil's Den to see the Cromlech, then up on the Downs, leaving the "grey wethers" on the left, and so by Glory Ann to Barbury Camp, and back to Marlborough with its castle mound.

In the evening Greg and Miss Wilson joined us, and we spent the afternoon of the 28th in Savernake Forest, going as far as Chiselbury Camp on the Wansdyke. The weather was odious; but we were all so happy to be together again that we enjoyed it very much.

29. To-day we drove to Avebury, which we saw pretty thoroughly, climbed Silbury Hill, which Lubbock has since purchased, and walked along part of the mighty rampart of the Wansdyke, sleeping at Devizes, whence we passed on the 30th to the Bustard Inn on Salisbury Plain. To our great astonishment we found in the little garden of this place a set of solemn hawks, sitting each on its perch, with all the proper accoutrements, and found that a hawking club still had its rendezvous here. One of the members, Mr. Lascelles, happened to be in the house, and Lubbock and I went out with him for about an hour.

From the Bustard Inn, we went on to Stonehenge, which, much described as it has been, surpassed my expectation. Thence *via* Old Sarum, which must have been just like Carcassonne, we reached Salisbury, where, on Easter Sunday, the Bishop[1] preached a

[1] Moberly.

sermon, which looked as if it had been written *at* Greg and Lubbock—one barrel for each. We spent the afternoon in the very interesting Blackmore Museum of prehistoric antiquities, Lubbock acting as lecturer, and on the next day visited Wilton, where the church, house and grounds are all interesting, but the collection of sculpture disappointing. On the 2nd we returned to London, Greg and Miss Wilson leaving us at Reading.

April

23. From London to Dublin, to represent the Government at Lord Mayo's funeral.

24. Lord Mayo's funeral was to have taken place to-day, but the non-arrival of the *Enchantress* delayed it. I spent the day chiefly with Mr. Thompson, Lord Spencer's Private Secretary, who showed me many things and people. Amongst the former were the Four Courts, Trinity College Library, the Irish Academy, with its gold room, dear to the archaeologist. Amongst the latter were Professor Mahaffy, Sir Bernard Burke and Mr. Keenan, the mainspring of the National Board of Education.

25. The funeral took place to-day, a fine spectacle,

and interesting the people as such, but they did not show a vestige of pride in, or feeling for, Lord Mayo as an Irishman. He was to them a British Official, nothing more.

May

In the commencement of this month, the beech woods at Hampden were beginning to be very lovely, and we rather grudged going away for the Whitsun recess. On the 11th, however, of that month, Lubbock, my wife, and Bruce's eldest unmarried daughter,[1] left London for Paris.

12. Oliphant, who is now acting as *Times* correspondent, breakfasted with us, and talked much of the political situation. D'Audiffret Pasquier was, for the moment, the man who seemed most likely to come to the front, in case anything happened to Thiers. After breakfast Lubbock and I went to see M. Louis Lartet, who lives near the Jardin des Plantes, joining the ladies at the station, and going on to Orleans.

The next day we went to see the Cathedral which was begun in 1601 by Henry IV., and was not finished till the days of Louis XV. The two western

[1] Now Mrs. Augustus Vernon Harcourt.

towers are striking, but in the interior, the chapels behind the high altar, filled with modern stained glass, are better than anything else. We also went with M. Mantellier, the Director, to the Museum, in the house erroneously called that of Diane de Poitiers.

From Orleans we crossed the Sologne, which, although dreary, did not seem to me *so* dreary as it is reputed to be. The name is said to be derived from Segalonia, and we saw much rye as we passed. We held on to the South by Vierzon Junction, crossing the Cher, and entering the province of Berri, passing Châteauroux on the Indre, a place with a considerable woollen manufacture, and observing Eguzon Station, near which Georges Sand lived long. It is a most uninteresting country, of the many ways of crossing France from North to South far the least to be recommended. At last we reached the granitic chain of the Limousin, and very ugly it is. Darkness, falling soon after we left Limoges, was rather welcome than not. We slept in Perigueux, where we saw the much-shattered Roman Amphitheatre, and the church of Saint Front, restored and spoilt. Thence we pursued our way through a limestone country, famous for its bone caves, till we struck the Lot, and got down to

the valley of the Garonne. Crossing that river, we ascended the Gers to Auch, the cathedral of which stands in a most striking situation. At the station of Mirande we caught a glimpse of the Pyrenees, and, soon after, my eyes were gladdened by the first southern flower, a beautiful iris, which we passed in a railway cutting. We slept at Bagnères de Bigorre, but had time for a stroll at Tarbes, from the Haras near which there are charming views of the mountains, like those one has from Pau.

In the afternoon we started, and followed the Val de Campan, which was full of the Star of Bethlehem and of *Viola cornuta*. I walked on in advance of the others up the Col d'Aspin, from the top of which there is a grand mountain view. Descending on Arreau, we came upon a great company of daffodils, not, however, the English species, but the less elegant *Muticus*.

On the 16th, we left the Val d'Aure, to which a single sentence of Carlyle's has given a charm,[1] and descending the Louran, through miles of *Narcissus poeticus*, reached the hideous Col de Peyresourde, which we crossed and came down on Luchon. Only the

[1] "Féraud, from the far valley d'Aure in the folds of the Pyrenees, is coming; an ardent Republican, doomed to fame, at least in death."

last few miles were worth seeing, the rest, for the most part, frightful, though redeemed by the snow on the farther mountains.

17. With a good botanical guide to the Lac d'Oo, where I found the *Hepatica*, both white and lilac, in flower, as well as *Primula integrifolia*, and *Astragalus monspessulanus*, but the *Ramondia*,[1] the classical plant of the Pyrenees, was only in bud. Its leaf, however, was in great beauty, and (as Mathieu said to me at Nancy a little later) that is its most remarkable feature.

The Lac d'Oo is a deep dark tarn, and when we saw it, was much agitated by the wind. A very fine waterfall descends into it at the farther end, and I counted eleven smaller ones all round. Fourcade, our guide, told me that it is the lowest of a chain of five lakes, but none of the others were accessible in the then state of the snow.

[1] It was to Ramond that Voltaire said of the Fathers when, observing that the copy in the library at Ferney showed signs of study, he remarked: "Ah! you've read them, I see"—"Oui, je les ai lus, et ils me le payeront"; and it was he who said so truly of the mountains: "Périr est leur unique affaire."

Hardly less good was his *mot* when, after an agitated political career, Napoleon, fearing his sharp tongue in the salons, sent him as *Préfet* to the Puy de Dôme—"Je suis Préfet par lettre de cachet."

18. A grand day of botanising on the hot slopes of Saint Béat, and lunch on a little terrace overlooking the Garonne, which swept by like a mill-race. We followed it to beyond the Pont du Roi on the frontier, and spent about half an hour in Spain.

The 19th, too, was given to botany, as was also to some extent, but only to some extent, the 20th, when we rode up the hill of Poujastous to see the Maladetta, but the higher points of the mountain were unfortunately not clear.

The prettiest part of the ride was the Alp between the last belt of pines and the general mass of wood. It was starred with *Gentiana verna* and *Gentiana acaulis*, on all the drier parts, and covered here and there, according to the exposure or nature of the soil, with *Narcissus pseudo-Narcissus*, with *Pinguicula grandiflora* and the Marsh Marigold.

21. Rode in pelting rain to the Vallée de Lys. The lower part of it is filled with very fine beeches, now in their first green, from amongst which tall, dark pines stand up at intervals. The upper part is open like many Highland straths, till you come to the glacier-fed cascades, and the rocks down which they fall. It was too wet to attempt anything on

foot, so we turned and cantered back. I found the sweet-scented *Lunaria rediviva* in some abundance. This was my modest prize, but Miss Bruce's sharp, though unbotanical eyes detected a *Campanula* which Fourcade declared to be new to him. "Find a new Campanula!" said Henry Smith, when I told him of the incident, "I should as soon expect to find a new bear." These discoveries were, however, thrown into the shade by Lubbock, who on this occasion captured the celebrated wasp, which, having solaced our journey home, spent the summer as the centre of a circle of admiring friends at High Elms, formed the subject of a discourse at the British Association, and after an exceptionally long life was not only buried in the British Museum, but embalmed in English literature.[1]

22. Lubbock, Fourcade and I went in a deluge to see the Grotto of Gourdon near Montrejeau, which was discovered by Fourcade, and in which great numbers of flint implements and bones of extinct animals, the reindeer for instance, have been found; some of them, *he* says, engraved. The Grotto is high over the bed of the Garonne in the limestone cliffs.

[1] See *Kenelm Chillingley*.

From Montrejeau we drove along a poplar alley for many miles to St. Gaudens, where we found a very decent hotel, and a curious church decorated for the "Mois de Marie." In a watchmaker's shop we saw a good many bones of the Dinotherium, found in the neighbourhood.

23. From St. Gaudens, in better weather, over an undulating country with fine views of the Pyrenees, to see at Aurignac the famous grotto, which is very small, a mere hole in the rock, a few feet above the stream, but which had, of course, great interest for Lubbock.

From Aurignac we drove to Boussens, where we reached the railway, and pushed on past Martres to Toulouse, at which place we saw the curious church of St. Servin, the ignobly hideous cathedral, and the Museum with its grand cloisters.

24. From Toulouse we went northward in perfectly frightful weather, passed near Albi and Eugénie de Guerin's country, crossed the Tarn, followed the banks of the Aveyron along a beautiful gorge, ran through the Swiss-like Cantal, where snow lay close to the line, and where a white narcissus was blossoming by tens of millions. Aurillac was the only

important town we passed in this district, and the approach to the forest of Lioran was the finest point on the route, which is just as interesting as that by Limoges is the reverse.

Having followed up the Cère, we descended the Alagnon to Arvant, whence we ran along the Allier, and soon reached Clermont, seeing the Monts Dŏres as we passed near Issoire.

25. A finer, but still only middling day, after the tempest of yesterday, which we employed chiefly in visiting the Puy de Pariou, an extinct volcano, with a perfect crater, in the centre of which a herd of half a dozen cows were obliging enough to be feeding, with a view to heighten the contrast between the present and the past. We had grand views of the Puy de Dôme, which rose just above us, and of the volcano region of Auvergne generally. Botanically, as well as geologically, the excursion was a profitable one, giving me *Anemone ranunculoides*, *Anemone montana*, *Orchis sambucina*, etc.

We divided the morning of the 26th between a most beautiful High Mass in the small but lovely cathedral, and some museums, public and other; then went on past Riom to Bourges, halting for some hours

at Saincaize, where we had a charming walk amongst fields of sainfoin, and wide pastures covered with singularly beautiful white cattle.

We gave the morning of the 27th to the Cathedral of Bourges, the stained glass of which it would be difficult to overpraise, and which is altogether most impressive. Then we passed on to Paris, where, on the 28th, I went with Lubbock to visit the Milne-Edwardses, father and son, at the Jardin des Plantes, and saw the much-talked-of Menton skeleton. In the afternoon we went to call on Chevalier, and at night Renan dined with us at a café in the Palais Royal, so that our time was well filled up.

On the 29th we returned to London, crossing the Channel with Andrew Johnson, M.P. for one of the divisions of Essex, who was full of the leaping procession which takes place on Whit-Tuesday at Echternach, near Luxemburg, at which he had just assisted as a spectator.

June

1. I ran down to see the children at Hampden, and spent forty minutes there. It was just the most

beautiful moment of the year, the may in perfection, and the hedges full of flowers.

2. Dined for the first time with the Dilettanti Society,[1] of which I have just become a member. It was a very large gathering—some two-and-thirty being present, amongst others, Frederick Pollock, Acton, Lord Houghton, Twisleton, Lord Ernest Bruce and Neville Grenville. Of course the neophyte was introduced with all the usual solemnities.

I asked Lord Houghton to-day how the King of the Belgians had done at the Literary Fund dinner, over which he presided—"As if he had been an Alderman all his life," was the reply.

13. I assisted on the 10th at the reception of the Burmese Ambassadors by the Duke of Argyll, and to-day, at the visit which was paid him by the Envoys from the short-lived Panthay Kingdom, which came soon afterwards to so bloody and terrible an end.

15. The other night Monsell asked Bruce and me to breakfast with him this morning, to meet Madame

[1] The oldest of the famous dining societies of London, dating a generation before "The Club," which was founded in 1764. There is a good short account of the Dilettanti by Lord Houghton in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1857, and a much more elaborate history of its fortunes has been promised for some time.

de Montalembert and her daughter. I had much talk with the latter, who is very bright, with a great deal of her father's intelligence; but our host had not mentioned that two people were to be present, whom I had the greatest possible curiosity to see—Kenelm Digby, who wrote the *Broad Stone of Honour*, and Mrs. Craven.[1]

17. People are saying that the best way to relieve the world of the three public nuisances, which fill the newspapers, would be that the Claimant should marry the Deceased Wife's Sister, and that they should have the Indirect Claims settled on them.

August

Not much worth noting happened between this and the end of the Session, which took place upon the 10th of August. We saw a great many people at Hampden, where I spent the Sundays.

After the Session, I divided my time between Hampden and the India Office, till the beginning of September, except a day or two which I passed at Brighton and its neighbourhood, during the meeting of the British Association.

[1] See her *Life* by Mrs. Bishop, vol. i. p. 350.

On the 27th of August, we went over with a party from Hampden to see Shirburn Castle. The present building is not very old, but it is said that Brunetto Latini, Dante's tutor, slept in a building that stood on the same site. The moat, which to this day surrounds it, was violently agitated at the time of the Lisbon earthquake.

September

3. Miss Wilson, my wife and myself, crossed the Channel and slept at Amiens. I could not help remembering, as we went over the Cathedral, that some years ago the verger, pointing to the great porch, had said to me, "C'est fière comme l'Empereur" ;—*sic transit gloria!*

On the boat with us from Dover to Calais was Mr. Digby, M.P., and son of the author of the *Broad Stone of Honour*. He told me that he had once gone in a steam-launch from Rotterdam to Constantinople up the Rhine and Main, through the Ludwigscanal to the Danube, and so by the Black Sea.

5. To see the Cathedral of Rheims, the west front of which is beyond all praise, but the interior is sadly spoilt by the lower windows having so little stained

glass, compared to those of the clerestory. Yesterday we saw the Cathedral of Laon, with the huge oxen looking out from its towers.

6. Spent the whole day in the Forêt de la Haye with the young Indian forest students and their tutor M. Bagneris, who examined them before me as to their knowledge of wood-craft.

We saw first a "coupe d'ensemencement," then a "coupe secondaire," and lastly a "coupe définitive." The Forêt consists of beech and hornbeam with some oak, and is a *taillis* or copse, being gradually changed into *futaie*, or timber ; the beech to be cut definitively when 140 years old, the oak at 180, the hornbeam,—I forget at what age.

Amongst other plants I observed periwinkles in vast quantities, *Gentiana ciliata*, *Coronilla emerus* and *Cornus mas*, with an edible berry, which I had never seen before.

7. Passed a very interesting morning, among the collections of the forest school, with M. Mathieu, author of the *Flore Forestière de la France;* and then went on to Strassburg, crossing the new frontier at Avricourt.

8. Had a long conversation with General von

Hartmann, the German Commandant, who spoke with great satisfaction of the success of the new German judicature in Alsace,—less cheerfully about some other things, but, throughout, with great fairness and moderation.

10. Our journey from Strassburg to Schaffhausen was made pleasant yesterday by the company, during part of the day, of Circourt, who was travelling from Frankfort to Basle; and to-day we saw the Falls, which very decidedly surpassed my expectation.

11. We steamed up the Rhine from Schaffhausen, through very pleasing scenery, to Constance, where we changed boats and went to Lindau.

The next two or three days were spent by my wife at Syrgenstein, by Mr. Greg, Miss Wilson and myself at Immenstadt, and among the Alps of the Algau.

On the 15th we met Sir John Lubbock, by appointment, at Augsburg, and went on the next day to Linz, at and about which place we were detained till the morning of the 21st, by a serious carriage accident which happened to Mr. Greg.

By the night of the 22nd we were in Pesth, and on board the steamer which took us to Moldova,

where we changed into a smaller vessel, which carried us through and past the rocks along which ran Trajan's road, to Orsova, the place that marked the farthest limit of my journeying towards the East in 1851.

The scenery of the Danube should be seen early in life, when one has travelled little, but much that one sees between Moldova and Orsova is really grand.

At that place we were again decanted into a still smaller steamer, which took us through the famous rapids known as the Iron Gate, and transferred us to a large and well-appointed vessel which was lying at Turn Severin, close to Trajan's bridge. Here I landed, just to feel that I had been in Wallachia, but there was no time to linger, and we saw the sun go down in glory over Widdin. It was a superb sunset, equal to the very finest Venetian ones, and with much of the Venetian character, except that the sky-line was cut, not by church towers, but by minarets.

26. A very thick fog with a cold wind—much delay—great flocks of wild birds—desolate landscape—vessels square-rigged with high bows and sterns—halting-places on the Wallachian shore, sandy deserts

with two sentry boxes, and in one case a carriage, which would have been thought well appointed in Hyde Park. Stop at Sistowa on the Bulgarian shore. Inland from this is Tirnowa, the centre, I believe, of what little intellectual movement there is in Bulgaria.

We were met at Rustchuk by Sir Robert Dalzell, the Consul, and went on, in a capital saloon carriage, to Varna, dining just at sunset at the half-way station with Musurus Pasha and his family, who had come down the river with us.

It was already dark when we got to the Shumla-road Station and passed through the Balkan, which nowhere seemed very high.

27. A slow, ill-managed boat, belonging to the Austrian Lloyd, brought us, in about fifteen hours, to the entrance of the Bosphorus, which we saw to advantage, but, once within it, the weather changed, an ominous lull in the wind being followed by a blast so hot that we thought a great fire had broken out in Constantinople. To that succeeded a furious storm of wind and dust, so that all the demons seemed to have broken loose as we descended the high side of the steamer amongst shrieking, swearing and fighting boatmen in the Golden Horn.

28. This day was wholly given to sight-seeing, to St. Sophia, to the Treasury, the Seraglio, etc. etc. How things are changed in these countries! When Greg was last here, forty years ago, he had to run for his life, because one of his companions imprudently attempted to enter St. Sophia; now we were able to go all over it, and enjoy to the full the impression of that wonderful building.

29. Drove to Buyukdéré to lunch with Sir Philip Francis, where we met Nubar Pasha, the Foreign Minister of the Khedive, thence crossing to the opposite coast, I landed for the first time in Asia,[1] and climbed the Giant Mountain to the famous point of view described by Byron:—

"The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades.
'Tis a grand sight from off 'the Giant's Grave'
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia."

Thence we returned to dine and talk politics with Ralph Earle, who is out here on matters

[1] Little foreseeing that so much of my life during the next sixteen years was to be passed in that continent.

connected with the Roumelian railways. I was glad to learn from Count Ludolf, the Austrian Minister, whom I met to-night, that he had gone over the Warsaw prisons just after me in 1864, and had come to precisely the same conclusions.

30. Ralph Earle took me to see the Ex-Grand Vizier Mahmoud, who, though very ill, and in great trouble, received us most kindly, in his beautiful—but the sun being now on the other side of the hedge—almost deserted palace.

He sent me back to Constantinople in his caïque. As we neared the land I said for the first time, "There is nothing in Europe like it. It beats Naples, Palermo and everything else."

In the evening Lubbock, my wife and I went round the Seraglio Point in a caïque, and saw the sun set over the Seven Towers.

October

The first of October was given chiefly to the Walls, the Fanar and the Bazaars; the 2nd to the Mosques; and on the 3rd we went to dine and sleep at Therapia with the Elliots.

5. After a good deal more sight-seeing, and a long visit paid by Lubbock and myself to the reigning Grand Vizier Midhat Pasha, in which we talked of many things, but most of the Euphrates Valley Railway, we left Missiri's hotel, and established ourselves at Therapia; whence on the 6th, after a long talk with Nubar Pasha, I sailed out in Earle's caïque almost to the Symplegades, to a point, where we met the long wave of the Black Sea: a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, showing one the Bosphorus at its very best.

On the 7th we went to the Sweet Waters of Asia, and visited Musurus, on the other side of the lovely ocean river; while the 8th was chiefly spent by me in a long ride with Mr. Hughes, the Oriental Secretary to our Embassy (with whom I have, of course, had many and instructive conversations while here), to the Bends or Tanks, in the Belgrade forest, which supply Constantinople with water.

On the 9th we left Therapia, which I found as delightful as I found Constantinople, in spite of its extraordinary interest, the reverse, and embarked on a French Messageries steamer. Nearly all that is worth recording in the period that immediately

followed this, was put by me into a lecture which I delivered, in 1873, at the Royal Institution. I subjoin a report which, although imperfect, is correct as far as it goes.

A Fortnight in Asia Minor

"Slowly the lights of Stamboul died out in the distance, and we glided away into the silent Sea of Marmora. Far off to the left, and not to be visited by us upon this occasion, lay, at the bottom of its gulf, Nicomedia, where Diocletian resigned the throne of the world, and retired to grow cabbages at Salona. There, likewise, was Broussa, at the foot of the Mysian Olympus, which had so tantalisingly kept its head shrouded in the clouds all the time we were in Pera, although our windows opened straight upon it. We had made various plans for going to Broussa, which attracted us not only by its beauty, but as the first centre of the Ottoman power in these regions; but they all broke down before the exigencies of time, that stern controller of autumn holidays.

"With Broussa went all chance of seeing Nicaea, the seat of the first General Council, and one of the most famous places in the history of the first Crusade;

partly from its stout resistance to the Christians, and partly from the fact that Walter the Penniless died pierced by seven arrows before its walls.

"We passed on, however, as I say, although well-nigh every mile of these historic shores invited us to stay. There, at Libyssa, Hannibal had ended by poison his earth-shaking career; and there, near Moudania, the port of Broussa, a more modern warrior, quite as great in his way—Count von Moltke—had run a considerable chance of being drowned, in the year 1836, as he himself has told us in his pleasant letters on Turkey.

"These places, however, and many others, though very near us, we could behold only with the eye of the mind, for brilliant as was the starlight, aided by a young moon, it enabled us to see but a very short distance on either side of our vessel's track.

"In the first grey of the morning I came on deck, and found that we had already left behind the marble island of Marmora, which gives its modern name to the ancient Propontis, the peninsula of Proconnesus, at the landward end of which lay Cyzicus, the mouth of the Granicus, made memorable by Alexander the Great's battle; Gallipoli, so famous in the history of

the Crimean War; and Lampsacus, which was one of the cities assigned by the Great King for the support of Themistocles.

"Passed also, no less, was a spot which some might have cared even more to see, the hillock to which tradition has attached the name of the Tomb of Memnon, that mysterious personage who, as the legend said, came from some far-away country to assist the Trojans, and whose last resting-place was kept watered from the river Sangarius by the birds one still sees flying about on these seas, which the ancients called 'Memnoniae aves,' and the moderns less gracefully term the *âmes damnées*.

"The sun had risen over the hills on the Asiatic shore before we ran between Sestos and Abydos, and drew near to the town which Europeans call the Dardanelles, but which the Turks, with their genius for the commonplace in names, call Tchanak Kalessi, or Pottery Castle, from the flourishing manufacture of earthenware which exists there. Presently a boat came alongside, bringing one of the English residents of the town, to whose kind keeping we had been consigned by friends. Here, after a visit to the Governor, a friendly and hale old man who commanded

the Turkish fleet when the Allies engaged the seaward batteries of Sebastopol, we spent half an hour in inspecting the far-famed Castle of Asia, whose monster guns still bear the marks of the balls which struck them when Duckworth, not too wisely, ran up past them to Constantinople. . . . The military Pasha gave us a large boat with fourteen rowers, and we were soon afloat. After a row of about two hours and a half, we approached a quiet little bay with a shelving shore, white cliffs to the left, and a sandy hill to the right. We touched land and stood upon the soil of the Troad, for the sandy hill to the right was the eastern face of the Rhaetian promontory.

"It was curious to think, as we drew near the beach, how many and how different were the travellers in whose wake we were following. Hither turned aside Xerxes on his way to attack Athens, and Alexander on his way to conquer Persia; so did Mindarus, the Spartan, the hero of the famous and characteristically laconic despatch; Ovid came also as a youth with his tutor Macer, and Germanicus, and Julia, the daughter of Augustus, who, by the bye, was all but drowned in the Scamander. These are a few, and only a few, of the famous personages of antiquity

whom we know to have visited the Troad for the same purpose for which we were now landing on its shores.

"And no wonder, for this little nook of a continent has been of vast importance, as well historically as poetically. I say historically, because, whatever may have been the foundation in fact for the tale of Troy divine as told by Homer, it is at least clear that the father of history considered the Trojan War to have been one of the most important and determining events in that long series of actions and reactions between East and West on which he dwells so much, and which, continuing through the ages, has enshrined a Semitic religion on the Tiber and the Thames, and has made a Hampshire country gentleman[1] an incomparably greater Asiatic ruler than ever was Darius or Artaxerxes—Tamerlane or Nadir Shah.

"But great as is the historical importance of the Troad, its poetical importance is far greater. Eliminate the story of the War of Troy with all that came of it, and it is startling to see how much of Greek and even of Roman literature will disappear. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as they vanish will take with them the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephoroe*, the *Eumenides*

[1] Lord Northbrook.

of Aeschylus, the *Electra*, the *Philoctetes*, and the *Ajax* of Sophocles, the *Aeneid* of Virgil, some of the best odes of Horace, some of the finest poems of Ovid, with I know not how much else.

"How much of even our contemporary poetry has sprung from this region. Wordsworth has written little finer than 'Laodamia'; Tennyson nothing finer than 'Ulysses'; Morris nothing finer than the 'Death of Paris.'

"Mounting the horses which had been sent to meet us at the landing-place, we rode up a short ascent, the edges of which were made bright by the yellow flowers of the *Inula viscosa*, a showy plant which is very conspicuous in Attica in the autumn, but which I did not observe at any other point of the Troad—where, indeed, almost all herbaceous vegetation was utterly dead and burnt up.

"Soon we were standing by the wild fig-tree which has struck its roots deep into the masonwork of the central chamber in the tumulus of Ajax. That central chamber has long since been opened, and affords no new light to the antiquary. From it we looked across the mouth of the Scamander to the Sigaean promontory, and all over the line of flat shore where

Homer has placed the station of the Grecian ships. I was surprised to find the Scamander so considerable a stream even at this, the driest moment of an exceptionally dry season (do not be surprised by my adjective), for although exceptionally wet here, 1872 was exceptionally dry in the Troad. I have seen both the Simois and the Scamander described as 'historic rivulets'; but that is a mistake, at least with regard to the second river.

"From the tomb of Ajax we descended, and the sun being already not far from its setting, set off, as hard as our horses would carry us, across the plain and over the dry bed of the Simois to Hissarlik, one of the two places which archaeologists please themselves by supposing the site of Troy. It is at this point that Dr. Schliemann, an enthusiastic and original German inquirer, is making immense excavations, and is, as he confidently believes, unveiling stone by stone the old poetic city. Here we tarried as long as the light served us, and then rode through a wild region covered with low brushwood, and dotted here and there by the fires of shepherds, to a farm built on the site of the ancient Thymbra, and belonging to one of the gentlemen who had accompanied us from the Dardanelles. . . .

"The next morning we made an early start, and followed the course of the Thymbrius to its junction with the Scamander, passing on our right the great tumulus known as the Hanai Tepe, that is, 'tumulus of the place where there have been ruins,' which is supposed by some, as, for instance, by the late Mr. Senior, to have been the burial-place of the undistinguished mass of warriors who fell before Troy; an opinion to which I should, as at present advised, not be inclined to subscribe. Certain, however, it is that it must record some considerable engagement in these parts. . . .

"The name of this place makes one think of the well-known phrase of Lucan, 'Etiam periere ruinae,'—which, as it happens, occurs in a passage describing this very district, in connection with an imaginary, but well-imagined, visit of Julius Caesar's. . . .

"One of the ladies of our party handed to me a translation of these lines, which, whatever its merits may be, represents the characteristic terseness of the original much better than Rowe's.[1]

[1] "Sigeasque petit famae mirator arenas,
et Simoëntis aquas, et Graio nobile busto
Rhoeteon, et multum debentes vatibus umbras.
circuit exustae nomen memorabile Troiae,

"'Lover of fame he seeks Sigaeum's sand,
Rhaeteum honoured with a hero's grave,
Where Simois' waters wander thro' the land.
(To many a shade there genius glory gave);
He roams around the burnt-out Trojan halls,
And views the relics of Apollo's walls.

Home of Assaracus! the barren tree,
The rotten trunk above thy hearth have grown,
The temples of thy gods are like to thee—
The worn-out roots scarce cling around thy stone;
Thy ruins ruined, and the thickets shroud
In briar and brushwood, Pergamus the Proud.

He sees the woods that hid Anchises' suit,
The rock to which Hesione was tied,
The cave where Paris gave the golden fruit,

magnaque Phoebei quaerit vestigia muri.
iam silvae steriles, et putres robore trunci
Assaraci pressere domos, et templa deorum
iam lassa radice tenent; ac tota teguntur
Pergama dumetis: etiam periere ruinae.
adspicit Hesiones scopulos, silvasque latentes
Anchisae thalamos: quo iudex sederit antro;
unde puer raptus coelo; quo vertice Nais
luserit Oenone: nullum est sine nomine saxum.
inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum
transierat qui Xanthus erat. securus in alto
gramine ponebat gressus: Phryx incola manes
Hectoreos calcare vetat. discussa iacebant
saxa, nec ullius faciem servantia sacri;
'Herceas' monstrator ait 'non respicis aras?'" . . .

Where Ganymede was snatched. Olympus' pride,
The summit where the nymph Oenone played :
No stone without its name, no wood, no glade.

Unconscious now the dusty bed he passes,
Where creeps divine Scamander's scanty wave ;
The Phrygian cries, "Tread not those long dank grasses,
Spurn not what was the mighty Hector's grave.
See," says the guide, " behold the Hercean fane,
The scattered stones nor form nor place retain." '

"The Thymbrius is at the best of times little more than a deep brook, and when we saw it, it was only a thread of water. Such as it is, however, it gives life to a great deal of vegetation, and is shrouded in a thicket of clematis, wild vine, and *Agnus castus*, a beautiful shrub which is even in October made gay with many blossoms, and which a few weeks earlier must be a great ornament to every thicket in this country where there is a little water.

"Soon we forded the Scamander, and reached by a long ascent the hill of Bounarbashi, the most usually received site of Troy. It is a long eminence overgrown with hardy brushwood and little else, for the rock comes to the surface in almost every part of it. The view on all sides is magnificent, extending

over the whole Troad, over the islands of Tenedos, Imbros and Samothrace, as well as over a considerable slice of the European shore of the Dardanelles. Turning to the south, we had before us a very picturesque portion of the range of Ida, but not the portion to which I shall presently carry you. Below us the Scamander came out of the hills, flowing far down between well-wooded precipitous banks, and reminding me of familiar scenes in the north of Scotland. Bounarbashi is, as I have said, the usually received site of Troy. Now, I am not going to treat you to a dissertation upon that question, I am only going to express an opinion that, wherever Troy was, it most certainly was not at Bounarbashi. . . . I defy any unprejudiced man to go up to Bounarbashi, and say that there ever was a city there at all on the scale of the Troy of Homer. At the far southern end of the hill, just above the valley, there was unquestionably a small Greek city, probably Gergis. There the excavations of the Austrian antiquary, M. von Hahn, have laid bare the ancient walls; but M. von Hahn found nothing on that site to point to any very remote antiquity, nothing that did not belong to a Greek city.

"On the very top of the hill of Bounarbashi, and at the northern end, is a large tumulus, which has been christened, quite arbitrarily, the tumulus of Hector. Into this tumulus a deep trench was driven while we were on the spot, under the superintendence of Sir John Lubbock and of Mr. Frank Calvert, who is the great authority upon all questions connected with the Troad. A considerable body of men worked for three days, and got quite down to the living rock, without finding anything of the slightest importance.

"Passing the little Turkish village of Bounarbashi, we rode down to look at the springs known as the Kirk Gheuz, or Forty Eyes, absurdly identified with the Scamander by Lechevalier, whose errors and misrepresentations were well exposed by the 'Travelled Thane,' in the sixth volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, and by Mr. Charles Maclaren in his admirable book published in 1822, but of which I have only seen the enlarged edition published in 1863.

"The water from these springs now finds its way to the sea at Besika Bay, through a channel constructed in comparatively modern times. Mr. Maclaren believes (and it is a harmless superstition

enough) that the marshes of which Homer speaks, as pasturing the flocks of Erichthonius, were those which now surround these springs, and which were, doubtless, much more extensive before an artificial watercourse was cut.

"Next day we turned our horses' heads towards the sea, and retraced the route that we had followed in the dark on the day of our arrival in the Troad. I rode with our host, conversing with him upon his experiences as a farmer, as we cantered along over the swelling eminences which border the plain of Troy, properly so called, covered with the prickly oak, and with another species of oak which produces the galls of commerce. Then, crossing the plain itself, we arrived at the site of Novum Ilium and the scene of Dr. Schliemann's excavations. Here we examined the ruins pretty carefully, and came to the conclusion that, whether Dr. Schliemann is or is not right in supposing he has found the site of Troy, he has certainly found the site of a city of vast antiquity. . . .

"Descending from Hissarlik, we wandered for some time in the plain looking for a ford, which we never found, over a long, narrow channel having all the

appearance of a small, deep river, but really an arm of the sea, into which the Simois discharges its waters when it has any waters to discharge. At length we crossed it by a bridge, and fording the Scamander near its mouth, rode on to the tumulus of Achilles upon the Sigaean promontory, enjoying the spectacle of a perfect fleet of merchantmen running up the Hellespont with a fine breeze. Whether the name of Achilles is rightly or wrongly connected with this spot, we cannot doubt that it was here that Alexander came to visit the last home of his great predecessor; and it is the place described by Byron in some very memorable lines.[1]

"A long and hot ride took us from this point back to Bounarbashi, whither we went to see how

[1] *The Bride of Abydos*, Canto II.:—

"Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;
That mighty heap of gather'd ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow?
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!"

the excavations of the tumulus of Hector were getting on, and from which we enjoyed a distant view of Lemnos.

"Here we lingered till the sun had set; then, picking our way slowly down the rough hill of Bounarbashi, we rode home by moonlight, crossing the Scamander, at a point where a close, heavy smell bore witness to the fact that, at certain hours and certain times, many parts of this district are dangerous from fever. Arrived at the farm, we found the dogs of the establishment very much on the alert, and soon discovered the cause; for not only were the jackals very near and very noisy, but a hyena had come prowling about to add his unlovely voice to their chorus. Thus ended our third day upon the plains of Troy.

"From these scenes of poetic and legendary interest, we passed to others whose importance is purely historical; for our next visit was to Alexandria Troas.

"Retracing our steps to the bottom of the hill of Bounarbashi, and leaving the tumulus of Hector far on the left, we arrived after five hours' riding, chiefly through oak-scrub, at the great Vallonea forest, which spreads far and wide over and around the ruins of

that place, which are still known as Eski Stamboul—Old Constantinople.

"Alexandria Troas lies near the sea, and within view of all ships making for the mouth of the Dardanelles. Hence it was one of the first classical sites in these countries which became familiar to the people of the west. One large mass of building, which was peculiarly prominent, received from mariners the name of the Palace of Priam, though I need not say that Priam had nothing whatever to do with it. That building, however, although it still stands, has been shorn of its glories, for the Turks have used it as a quarry, and carried off many of the huge blocks, of which it was built, to Constantinople, and elsewhere. Alexandria Troas was founded by one of Alexander's generals, and received from another of them, who afterwards became possessed of it, the name of his great master; but in common parlance the word Alexandria appears to have been dropped, and we find it spoken of in the New Testament simply as Troas.[1] It is a spot of peculiar interest

[1] A strange incident occurred here. I had taken with me to these scenes so closely associated with the life of St. Paul, Renan's Life of that Apostle, and read its last pages to Mr. Greg and Miss Wilson, as we were sitting together in the evening. Renan, after pointing out

to the European traveller, because it was here that St. Paul had that vision of a man of Macedonia, begging him to come over to the opposite coast, which has had so important an influence upon the lives of us and of our ancestors for many hundred years. It was here, too, that he met St. Luke, who was destined to become his biographer, and who, through that biography, which we know as the Acts of the Apostles, has himself exercised so remarkable an influence upon Christian history. St. Luke was not, however, a native of Troas. He appears to have been a European, born at or settled in the seaport of Neapolis in Macedonia, still a place of some commercial importance under the name of Cavalla.

"We passed the night of the day on which we had visited the site of Alexandria Troas in a small town not far off, the 'descendant bien descendu' of a city which was once, in the days of Constantine, within an ace of becoming the capital of the world. Here

how the influence of St. Paul had faded from the countries in which he laboured, and how the fabric of Christianity had grown up under quite other influences, ends his book with the words, "Humanity, you are sometimes right, and certain of your judgments are just." The very instant I had finished the sentence, the muezzin called from a minaret hard by, reminding us that not St. Paul but Mahommed was now prophet at Troas.

we were lodged in the house of an Armenian gentleman engaged in the Vallonea trade. The Vallonea of commerce, as some, perhaps, of you are aware, is largely used for tanning, and plays no inconsiderable part in the export trade of Asia Minor. It is the rough cup of the acorn of the *Quercus aegilops*, and its name is simply a corruption of the old Greek word for acorn, βάλανος. . . .

"Not far from Alexandria Troas there rises a hill, which forms a conspicuous object from most parts of the Troad, and is known to the natives as Chigri. This hill we were anxious to ascend, partly for the sake of the view, and partly to explore the ruins of the very considerable Greek city of Neandria, which stood upon the top of it. We were not disappointed in either purpose. The view is a very noble one, although Chigri is too distant from the plain of Troy, properly so called, to enable one to discern its features with sufficient accuracy, and the vast walls of Neandria are really a most surprising monument. How so large a place, stuck on the top of an eminence, which might fairly think itself entitled to be called a mountain rather than a hill, was ever supplied with the ordinary articles of consumption, it is not easy

to understand. As we descended we came upon a village of Yurucks. These people, who are true Turks in blood, lead a half or wholly nomad existence all through the regions of which I am speaking. This particular colony of Yurucks lived in hovels; but both before and afterwards we came upon some who lived in black tents, not in anything that could even aspire to the dignity of a hovel. The tent dwellers did not, however, seem to be by any means very poor. One of the ladies of our party penetrated into one of the tents where a woman was lying ill, and reported that it was full of carpets, and not uncomfortable.

"It was on the southern slopes of Chigri that I came for the first time, in this district, upon the myrtle. The scarcity of this shrub shows how comparatively cold a winter climate this country has, considering its latitude. In Italy the myrtle grows in vast abundance, far to the north of Constantinople; but a Russian botanist whom I met at Therapia told me that he believed he had found on the Princes Islands, in the Sea of Marmora, the most northern station for the myrtle in this part of the world.

"Winding round the base of Chigri through huge

boulders of granite, from under which here and there peeped the lovely little cyclamen, we reached an ancient quarry, whence at some remote period—probably in the days of the Roman Empire—a number of huge columns had been hewn out of the granite. On this spot, and on the road between it and the sea, there are, I think, eleven of these giants, 37 ft. high by 5 ft. 3 in. in diameter. No one knows who cut them or for what edifice they were designed. They reminded me of a scene in Southern Sicily, where, on the edge of one of the wild Palmetto wastes, I once came upon some huge drums of columns that were evidently meant to form a part of the mighty temples of Selinus, lying there unused and unthought of some 2000 years after the temples of Selinus had been shaken into a mass of ruins.

"From the granite quarries of Troas, an easy ride of about an hour and a half ought to have brought us to our night quarters, but a not-too-wise negro, who was one of our guides, and very confident in his local knowledge, led us astray, and we had some extremely rough scrambling before we and our horses extricated ourselves from the mountain defiles into which we had been taken, and came down upon a pleasant and level

track, at the end of which rose the minarets of Ineh.

"At Ineh our party divided, some returning to the farm, but I, with three others, riding over the plain in the direction of Ida to a place called Bairamitch. The journey, one of about twenty miles, was accomplished without adventures, and was not very interesting. At Bairamitch we were most hospitably received by the Governor, who lent me an admirable horse to replace a hired one which was a little overdone, and after three hours more we arrived at Evjilar, which lies by the banks of the Scamander on the slopes of Ida. The ride from Bairamitch was sufficiently picturesque, more especially two portions of it: first, where we crossed a branch of the Scamander, and looked up along its course shaded by beautiful oriental planes; and secondly, when the ex-robber-chief, who had undertaken to make the necessary arrangements for our going up Ida, received us at Evjilar by torch-light.

"We passed along, the Scamander flowing in a rapid stream between rocks on our left, and soon reached on the right the noble pines which, here replacing the cypress, shade the tombs of the rude forefathers of

Evjilar, whilst straight in front stood 'topmost Gargarus,' looking worthy to be the seat of Zeus, as is told in the 14th book of the *Iliad*.

"Our ex-robber-chief, who, by the way, was careful to have us informed that his robberies had been dictated by very different motives from those which are so common in Greece, had provided us with some picturesque and armed barbarians as guides, rather than as escort (for Ida is just at present quite safe), and, following their lead, we were soon amongst the oak woods. . . .

"Very beautiful was the clearing of the mist off the mountain :—

> "'The swimming vapour sloped athwart the glen,
> Put forth an arm, and crept from pine to pine,
> And loitered slowly drawn.'

"Still, I should be giving you an entirely false impression if I led you to believe that Ida, as we saw it, or Ida, indeed, as it must be even in spring, is at all like the Ida of the Laureate's fancy. It is very beautiful, but it is as the real Yarrow was to the Yarrow which Wordsworth dreamt of.

"More especially did I search in vain for any spot

that appeared to me to be like the place where Paris was judge of the goddesses, although I am bound to say that one of our party could not subscribe to this view.

"I never in travelling was reminded of that beautiful description except once, when, turning sharply round a corner on Pentelicus, I came upon a spot where the white marble out of which so many incomparable statues had been carved, lay bathed in a perfect flood of the bright yellow Sternbergia. Then, indeed, the lines from 'Œnone' flashed into my mind:—

"'And at their feet the crocus brake like fire,
Violet, amaracus, and asphodel,
Lotus and lilies.'

"By the way, what has gained such a place in poetry for so very unpoetical a plant as the asphodel? The asphodel is the plant which used to be commoner than it is in our gardens under the name of the silver rod, and it covers great breadths of country in many of the classical regions, more especially in Sicily. I never could see that it had the twentieth part of the merit of unnumbered plants which grow in the same regions, and have been left unsung.

"But I am digressing, and must return to the oak woods.

"We soon found that great changes had taken place since our companion, to whose local knowledge we trusted, had been last upon the mountain, some fifteen years before. The whole management of the forests upon Ida had been altered. The old paths had disappeared, and for miles together there was nothing that could, by any stretch of courtesy, be called a track by any animal less given to climbing than a goat.

"Long before we arrived at the spot, where, under a mighty wall of limestone, the Scamander comes out of a dark and ice-cold cave, which has been explored for about 150 yards, but has still many secrets for the Alpine Club, we discovered that, so far from taking only five hours to go up and down, we should unquestionably take more than that even to go up. And so it proved; for considerably more than six hours had gone by when, having crossed the long belt of pines which extends from the end of the oak woods to the limit of arboreal vegetation, we entered upon the bare region of mica-schist rock and loose stones, the so-called Phalacra of the Ancients, which forms

the summit of Gargarus, itself the summit of the long range of Ida.

"As we advanced I kept a sharp look-out for any flowers, which the long-continued drought might have spared, and I have since had my scanty spoils carefully examined and identified at Kew.

"The vegetation of the Phalacra is amusingly unlike that which Homer describes as having sprung up at the command of Zeus, in that locality. The Phalacra is as bare as the top of Ben Nevis, and not very unlike it. I found upon it a small Alsine, a dwarfed yellow Centaurea of the Cyanus group, and a small prickly Dianthus, which has been named for me Erinaceus, and which, growing in small hummocks, has a strong general resemblance to the *Silene acaulis* of our own higher mountains.

"There was a good deal of haze in the distance, though the sky was cloudless; but the summit of Ida is too far distant from any place which was ever imagined to be Troy, for any one less keen-sighted than the Ruler of Olympus himself, to see that city—let alone the movements of rival armies. I should guess it nearly forty miles, as the crow flies, from Hissarlik, and not much less from Bounarbashi.

"On the northern side the view was *not* repaying, for we had seen all we saw, better from a lower elevation. The view on the southern side *was* repaying, for it was new to us and very beautiful. There at our feet, half veiled by soft mist, was the Gulf of Adramyttium, and a small cluster of islands known as the Moschonisi, which lie on the landward side of the channel of Lesbos. There, too, was Lesbos itself, with just a peep of Scio in the remote distance. The range of Ida divides two widely differing climates. To the north of it the winds sweeping from Scythia prevent the growth of plants which are intolerant of frost, while to the south of it the lemon and many other trees flourish, which are not at home in the Troad. We were too far away to see details of this kind, but the appearance of the country was in harmony with the fact, and we could not forget that as we turned towards the north we were looking towards Thrace, and as we turned towards the south we were looking towards Ionia.

"At length, turning our back on the tomb of the Turkish saint, which now crowns the mountain of Zeus and Here, we descended by a route, which was made much longer than it need have been, by the

necessity for keeping in the moonlight amid these rugged solitudes. And a glorious moonlight it was, searching out every recess of the mighty hills, and flooding crags and pinewood with its beams! . . .

"We were right glad to reach Evjilar, after an absence of just twelve hours. Here rest and some Turkish coffee soon revived us. We mounted our now fresh horses, and by midnight were back at Bairamitch, with its friendly Governor.

"The next day dawned bright and cool; and, turning away from Ida, or rather from the great range of Ida—for I take it that nearly all the hills in these parts were loosely called Ida—we crossed the Scamander for the last time, and struck right north for the town of the Dardanelles. I have seldom enjoyed a more perfect ride upon a more perfect day. Soon after leaving Bairamitch we passed a little hamlet; and then for hours and hours our path lay among hills, covered from foot to summit with that same exquisite light green pine which clothes the Isthmus of Corinth, and made the 'fading garlands' of the Isthmian games. All this country is full of eagles. In fact, we saw more eagles than any other birds; and at one moment a member of our party counted no less than fifteen in sight.

"At last, long after a moon as beautiful as that of the night before had lit us for some hours on our way, we got clear of the woody defiles through which we had been journeying, and came out upon the plains that lie between them and the sea. A ride of about one hour and a half or two hours brought us to the edge of the Hellespont; and we followed along its soft rippling waves till we forded the river Rhodius, and entered the town of the Dardanelles, in which every minaret had a chaplet of lamps in honour of the Sultan's birthday. . . .

"Next morning we embarked on board an Austrian Lloyd's steamer, and were soon out of the Hellespont.

"We lay off Tenedos a long time, and had leisure to learn by heart the features of its wretched little capital, with its picturesque forts and long line of windmills; time, too, to wonder how a place, that must always have been so insignificant, had had the good luck to make such a noise in the world. Its most considerable product nowadays would appear to be wine—not that there is very much of that. Some, however, that we tasted was not to be despised. From Tenedos we ran along the coast, with distant views of Alexandria Troas and of Chigri rising behind it,

seeing well, too, the high lands across which St. Paul must have travelled when he walked to Assos, sending the rest of his company round by sea. At length we reached Cape Baba, the ancient Lectum, the westernmost prolongation of the range of Ida; and, running close under it, with Lesbos, the island of Sappho, beautifully seen in front, we shaped our course to the eastward, as if we were going up the Gulf of Adramyttium.

"Soon, however, just as the sun was setting, we turned to the south, and passed down the channel between Lesbos and the mainland, till we cast anchor in front of the town of Mytilene, which not only keeps its old Greek name, but has given that name to the whole Island of Lesbos.

"A line drawn almost directly inland from a point on the shore, opposite the place where we were lying, would have struck Pergamus, which was, as you remember, one of the seven churches, and which before the Christian period had been the site of a brilliant monarchy, to which monarchy learning owes, if not the invention, at least the improvement, of parchment. A little farther on is the mouth of the river Caicus, which separated Mysia from Aeolia, and

another place at which I would have given a good deal to have landed, because, although it never has had its proper fame in the world, the time will, I trust, come when we shall raise statues in honour of its citizens. The place to which I allude is Cyme, and the reason why I hope we shall do so is this:— The inhabitants of Cyme were the fathers of free-trade. It is hardly possible to believe it, but we are positively assured that the inhabitants of this little town, in spite of the contempt that was poured upon them by the eleven other cities of Aeolia, stuck steadily for 300 years to their determination not to raise any taxation on either imports or exports.

"When morning dawned we were running up the Gulf of Smyrna, and ere long the houses of the Levantine capital began to rise out of the water. We landed betimes, and were soon disembarrassed of any illusions which the aspect of the city, as seen from the sea, might have raised in our minds. Save that it is built upon a flat, Smyrna has every inconvenience of Constantinople, with no compensating advantages. The hotels are worse, the mosquitoes are more active, the streets are quite as dirty, and there is nothing like the same amount of colour or costume.

"The line of railway, which is worked by an English Company, and which runs from Smyrna to Aidin, the ancient Tralles, and the centre in these degenerate days of the fig-trade, is not very studious of the comfort of travellers in arranging its time-tables, and so it was necessary, in order to go and return from Ephesus in one day, that we should take a special train.

. . . . . .

"Arrived at Ephesus, our first care was to explore the excavations on the site of the temple of Diana, which are now being made by English sappers and native workmen, under the superintendence of an architect of the name of Wood, who was the first to discover the site of this famous edifice. Antiquaries build many hopes upon his researches, and some interesting objects have already been sent hence to the British Museum.

"Escaped from these unfinished, and as yet not very intelligible excavations, we proceeded to visit in their order all the more interesting points of Ephesus, which once spread far and wide over all the desolate hills and more desolate marshes amidst which we wandered; for Ephesus was a place of first-rate importance, one of

those busy, seething, turbulent centres of human life of which there were not a few in the Roman world, and amongst which Alexandria stood pre-eminent.

"One of the first places where we stopped is the cave which has been identified with the story of the Seven Sleepers, those Ephesian youths who, taking refuge with their dog from the persecution of Diocletian, slept for 200 years, and returned to Ephesus to find, to their utter astonishment, that the whole city had become Christian. The Mahometan religion has taken possession of this legend, and has, I am happy to say, accommodated the dog, whose name, it appears, was Ketmehr, with a place in Paradise, which, I have no doubt, like most of his kind, he richly deserves.

"The next spot that detained us for any time was the theatre, attractive in itself, like all theatres of the ancient world, which form such a contrast to the bloodstained and hateful amphitheatres, but peculiarly interesting, from the fact that this was the scene of the tumult of Demetrius and the craftsmen, which is told so vividly in the Acts of the Apostles.

"It lies on the edge of a hill, tier above tier of white marble seats, and must have looked, as so many of these

theatres did, over the sea, which in old times came up far farther into the plain of Ephesus than it does at present. . . .

"A short ride from this point brought us to the ruin, absurdly called the prison of St. Paul, but which well rewarded our climb by the view which it afforded of the sea with the sites of Colophon, one of the places which claimed to be the birthplace of Homer, Lebedos, famous in the annals of the stage, and Teos, the home of Anacreon, to be seen or guessed at in the distance. The brief October day was already done when, after a long circuit amongst ruins and tombs, we returned to the station, and to Smyrna.

"The line from Smyrna to Aidin runs south-east from Smyrna, but another English Company has carried a line to the north-east.

"By this line we started one morning, and, passing along the northern side of the beautiful Gulf of Smyrna, glided round the base of the volcanic range of Sipylus, and followed the valley of the Hermus to the exquisitely situated town of Manisa, the ancient Magnesia ad Sipylum, which lies between the river and the hills, surrounded by great cotton fields, in which the people were busily engaged in picking the ripe bolls. From

Manisa we skirted the base of Sipylus, passing the famous rock bas-relief of the Niobe, one of the oldest sculptural monuments of the Greek world.

"At length we arrived at Cassaba, and mounting the horses that had been provided for us, rode off to the eastward. Our course lay along one of the great roads of the Turkish Empire, and one of the oldest lines of communication in the world—the valley of the Hermus—up and down which there is a constant stream of traffic. Every few miles we met long strings of camels, or saw them resting by the side of their loads a little way to the right or left.

"In front the plain extended for miles and miles, and several days of riding beyond our destination would hardly have brought us to the end of it. Still there was nothing monotonous in the effect, for on either side as well as behind stood up the most fascinatingly lovely mountains. The forms more especially of Sipylus, on which we looked back, and of Tmolus, which bounds the valley of the Hermus on the south, are a constant delight to the eye. At last, after some five hours' riding, we saw some scattered fragments of ruin, and forded a little stream which crossed our path, on its way to the Hermus. The little stream

was no other than Pactolus of the Golden Sands, and the broken fragments of ruin were all that remained of the mighty Sardis, the seat of Croesus and the Lydian kings, whose story fills half the first book of Herodotus.

"We pitched our tents in the shadow of a ruin, in a place where we ought, in accordance with all rule, to have caught fevers, which, however, more by good luck than by good guiding, we did not do; and after visiting next morning the ruined Ionic temple of Cybele, the same which at a later period of Greek history—perhaps in the age of Alexander—replaced the temple, whose destruction by the Ionians led to the burning by the Persians of the temples of Greece, we crossed the Hermus, not far, I presume, from the spot where Cyrus overthrew Croesus, and turned north to the extraordinary group of tumuli, called by the Turks the 'thousand and one barrows,' and which we know from Herodotus to be the tombs of the Lydian kings.

"Our destination was the largest of these—the tomb of Alyattes, the father of Croesus, the building of which is fully described by Herodotus, and which is compared by him to the Pyramids. This tumulus has

been opened, and one of us penetrated into the very centre of it, to the infinite disgust of the bats. I preferred climbing to the top, from which I enjoyed a magnificent view over all the plain of the Hermus and the Lake of Gyges, which this huge tomb of Alyattes, being on the scale of a natural, not an artificial hill, had hitherto shrouded from the view. The district over which I was looking was probably the first spot known as Asia—a name which, spreading little by little, has now covered the whole of the vast continent that extends from the shore of the Ægean to the shores of the Pacific, unless, indeed, we are to seek the first Asia a little farther to the south, close to Ephesus and the banks of the Cayster.

. . . . . .

"After lingering some time amongst these tombs of the Lydian kings, of which Sir John Lubbock counted sixty in sight at once, we returned across the plain by another route in some few hours to Cassaba, were hospitably, and, indeed, sumptuously, entertained by the Railway Company, and were carried over the fifty-eight miles that separate Cassaba from Smyrna in two hours by a special train. This was the end of our brief sojourn in these interesting lands.

"We embarked about two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day on board a large French steamer, which, destiny having determined to make amends to us for the horrors of our middle passage from the Dardanelles, we had almost to ourselves. Before we had cleared the roads, the Imbat, or daily sea-breeze, began to blow furiously, and the gusts that came down the gullies of the range of the 'Two Brothers' upon our left gave promise of bad weather outside. The violence of the wind, however, began to moderate before we had reached the group of small islands close to the site of the ancient Clazomenae, on which I looked with respect, because it has bequeathed to the world some of the most exquisite coins which have ever been struck, one of which, by the way, a silver one, forming part of a noble collection which was secured last summer by the British Museum, was valued at fully £200. We moved steadily on, and ere evening were off the site of Phocaea, which we gazed upon with all the more interest because our destination was that far-off Marseilles which had been founded by refugees from Phocaea when the generals of the Great King were ravaging Ionia. The sun set lurid and angry over Psara, the scene of one of the

most terrible tragedies in the contest between the Greeks and the Turks, and the ancient Mount Mimas, the Kara Bournou or Black Cape of the Turks, well deserved its name, as we, without any of those hesitations to which Nestor owns in the Third Book of the *Odyssey*, turned, running close under it into the channel of Scio, where the Psariot Canaris performed the most remarkable exploit of the Greek War of Independence by attaching a fire-ship to the gigantic vessel of the Capitan Pasha. When we were somewhere off Ritri, the ancient Erythrae, so called from the red colour of its rocks, which contrast with those of the Black Cape to the northward, the wind became very high, and we found it so rough that we began to fear that the captain did not take too gloomy a view of the subject when he talked of being obliged next day to run for the safe harbour of Milo, an anticipation which happily was not realised. It gave, however, very appropriately, a further tinge of melancholy to our thoughts as we said good-bye to Asia, and came to the end of a fortnight which was very agreeable to us, and which I wish I could deceive myself into thinking I had succeeded in making not altogether uninteresting to you."

26. When I woke, at daybreak, we were lying in Syra harbour. It was a lovely morning, and we ran all day to the south-west, doubling Matapan between nine and ten in the evening. This day, and the corresponding one of last year which carried us from Modon to Syra, were, I think, two of the most delightful I ever spent. This time, the beautiful cone of Antimilo long riveted our eyes. Last year we either passed farther to the north, or darkness had fallen before it was distinctly visible.

27. Another enchanting day across the Ionian Sea. When I came on deck about eight, the coast of Greece, I suppose Cape Gallo, was still just visible, and from morning to night we steamed over a sheet of glass.

28. On deck before dawn, just as we passed Cape delle Armi. There was a grand sunrise over Italy, and the whole Sicilian coast as far down as Taormina. About eleven we drew near to Stromboli, and passed quite close to it. I had no conception that it was so splendid an object. We had good views of Cape Rasocolmo in Sicily, and of all the Lipari Isles. In the evening the wind freshened, and the greater part of the 29th was not delightful, the great *Scamandre*

labouring very much. Late in the afternoon we passed between Monte Cristo on the left, and Giglio on the right, to have ere long fine views of Corsica over Pianosa on the westward, and Elba to the east. The centre of the sky was filled by an intensely black cloud, and summer lightning played over Monte Cristo.

30. When I arose this morning the sea was still rough, but not disagreeably so. We were off Nice, and had splendid views of the snowy range, seeing also Corsica far behind under the sunrise. When we came up after breakfast, we were amongst the Hyères Islands, and in the calm water protected by them. Soon we saw Hyères itself, and the hills so well known to us around it. This was one of the most delightful half-hours in our whole journey. In the afternoon we got to Marseilles, where we slept, and went on next day to Nismes.

November

We spent All Saints' Day at the Pont du Gard, and a most charming day it was. It had been a very wet season, and the whole country was exceptionally green, the box, the lavender, and the ilex, all character-

istic of this region, looking as fresh as possible. As for the Pont du Gard itself, I have seen hardly any Roman ruin that has impressed me so much.

2. As we were at breakfast in the Hôtel de Luxembourg, a procession of priests, followed by crowds of people, passed towards the Cemetery, chanting the *De Profundis*. It was the *Jour des morts*, a day only too appropriate to the break-up of a pleasant party.

From Nismes Sir John Lubbock, my wife and I pursued our journey, in horrible weather, through the scene of the Camisard Wars to Alais, at the foot of the Hautes Cevennes. Later we crossed the Lozère range, and traversed a very high, Scotch-like country, with a great look of Ettrick, from which we descended by deep gorges full of basaltic pillars, passing near Le Puy, the capital of the Velay, and of the Haute Loire. Night fell at Arvant, and we saw nothing till we got to Paris on the morning of November 3rd.

5. Met Reeve, who tells me that I was elected yesterday, the day of our return to London, a member of the Literary Society.[1]

[1] The Literary Society was founded in 1806—Cumberland, Rogers, Conversation Sharp, Lord Stowell and Wordsworth being amongst

7. Was formally admitted at the Linnean, of which I have lately been elected a member. Bentham was in the chair, and read a letter from Lady Smith, the widow of the founder of the Society, who was within a few days of attaining the age of a hundred years, and in the fullest possession of all her faculties.

14. Dined at the Deanery of Westminster to meet the Queen of Holland, who was very lively and pleasant. Bruce, Lubbock, Mr. Charles Villiers and others were there. I sat next the Baroness van Dedem, whose sister married Lecky.

December

2. Dined for the first time with the Literary Society. Amongst others present were Sir James Colville, the Dean of Westminster, Rawlinson, Massey, Reeve, Richmond and my colleague Merivale

the thirty-three original members. The first election was made in 1807. It very much resembles "The Club" which was founded by Reynolds, and played so important a part in the life of Johnson. Its meetings can never, I imagine, have been more agreeable than they are at present, under the presidency of Mr. Spencer Walpole, who is also a member of the older institution. The two have usually a fair percentage of members in common.

Reeve was in 1872, and for many years after, the Treasurer, that is to say, the only official of "The Club." At its dinners the chair is taken by each member in turn, according to alphabetical order.

7. Preside at a meeting of the University Court of Aberdeen, and lay on the table my draft deliverance, anent changes in the Curriculum.

10. My Elgin Speech, afterwards reprinted under the title of *Expedit—Laboremus!*

13. Again presided at a long discussion in the University Court, with reference to my scheme for improving and widening the Curriculum. Immediately after this I resigned the office of Lord Rector, which I had held for six years, and Huxley was, after a sharp contest with the Marquis of Huntly, elected in my stead.

INDEX OF NAMES

ANNENKOF, now General, and the same who has become so well known in connection with the Central Asian Railway, which is his creation.

BALL, JOHN, who afterwards, as the last Lord Derby said to me, "wrote his name on the Alps."

BIXIO was originally in the Italian Navy, but passed into the Mercantile Marine; then threw himself into politics at Genoa, and later fought against the Austrians at Venice as well as the French at Rome. In 1860 he commanded the *Piemonte*, one of the vessels which carried Garibaldi's volunteers to Marsala, and distinguished himself at Calatafimi, Palermo and the Volturno.

BOCKUM DOLFFS, a Westphalian proprietor, born in 1802, and in the earlier sixties the head of that section of the Liberal party which might be described as the Left Centre.

BODENSTEDT, FRIEDRICH, Professor of Ancient English Literature at Munich, scholar, traveller and poet, born 1819, died 1892.

CANTILLON was the *sous-officier* who in 1819 tried to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, and was handsomely provided for by the will of the first Napoleon in consequence. The question between Lord Palmerston and Mr. W. Stirling was as to the persons by whom,

and the circumstances under which, the legacy had been paid.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT, the father of literature for the people in Scotland, and author of *Vestiges of Creation.*

CONINGTON, one of the best scholars produced by Oxford in the last decade of the first half of the century; later Professor of Latin. A memoir of him was published by his intimate friend, Henry Smith.

CORNU, MADAME. See Renan's *Feuilles détachées*, for a graceful notice of this excellent woman.

CROWE, MR., later Sir Joseph, well known as a great authority on Art and as Commercial Attaché in Paris.

CZARTORYSKI, PRINCE LADISLAS, son of Prince Adam Czartoryski (who died in 1861). In 1863 he was the most prominent person amongst the Polish exiles in Western Europe.

DAUBENY, DR., in less specialising days than these, Professor both of Botany and Chemistry at Oxford. He was not, I fancy, a very skilful operator, and a story, doubtless in its details only *ben trovato*, was told about him. He was lecturing on one occasion when, holding up a small vial in his hand, he said to his audience, "This vial contains a fluid, the powers of which are so tremendous, that if it slipped from my hand, and the contents came into contact with atmospheric air, not this building only, but a large portion of the University and city of Oxford would be laid in ruins." At this moment the vial did slip from his hand, and, falling to the ground, was dashed into fragments. No catastrophe, however, occurred; his *famulus*, knowing his ways, had filled it with water.

DONNE, W. B., long the Lord Chamberlain's deputy as Licenser of Plays.

DOVE, MR., probably in 1854 the most distinguished of German physicists.

DUFF, THE HON. GEORGE SKENE, younger brother of the last Earl of Fife. He had spent, when in the Diplomatic Service, some years in Vienna, where he became acquainted with Count Andrassy, whom he had an opportunity of befriending when the dark days came, which were to be followed by so brilliant a morning. An enthusiastic devotee of salmon-fishing and deer-stalking, George Duff lived for the most part with men who cared more for pleasure than for affairs, but he was a very sensible and shrewd politician, whose opinion on any subject connected with public business to which he gave his mind, was always well worth hearing. He represented the Elgin District of Burghs from the General Election of 1847 to December 1857, when he resigned and I became his successor. He was an excellent German scholar, and one of the few people I have met who knew Henry Heine personally. He always spoke of the poet with great regard.

DUPONT-WHITE, a considerable political economist, leaning somewhat to what has been since called Academic Socialism. His daughter married M. Carnot, afterwards President.

EASTWICK, CAPT. W., long a Director of the Great Company, and later for ten years a Member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India.

FAUCHER, J., 1820-1878, founder of the first Free Trade organ in Germany, the *Abendpost*. He was much connected with the English Press, and acted as correspondent for a London paper in the war of 1870.

FRANCK, ADOLF, of Jewish origin, much connected with the *Journal des Débats*, Member of the Institut, and Editor of the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Philosophiques*.

FREYTAG, G., a distinguished novelist, dramatist and historical writer, born 1816, died 1895.

GALLENGA, ANTONIO, known at first by the *nom de plume* of

Mariotti, later the author of *Iberian Reminiscences*, *Episodes of my Second Life*, and much else.

GARNIER-PAGÈS, 1803-1878, a member of the Militant Opposition in the days of Louis Philippe, he became one of the Provisional Government in 1848. After being out of public life for many years, and busied chiefly with his history of the Second Revolution, which he wrote in many volumes, he was returned to the *Corps Législatif* in 1864, and in September 1870 found himself once more forming part of a Provisional Government.

GEIBEL, IMMANUEL, a very successful and, to my thinking, very delightful poet, born 1815, died 1884.

GERVINUS, PROFESSOR, author of numerous historical works on the Anglo-Saxons, on Machiavelli, on the kingdom of Aragon, and on the nineteenth century; not less famous as a Shakespearian scholar and the author of many volumes on German poetry, on Goethe's correspondence, etc. At several periods of his life he took an active part in politics, and was a Member of the Right Centre in the Frankfort Parliament.

GLAIS-BIZOIN, born in 1800 in Brittany. He belonged to the Opposition all through the reign of Louis Philippe, and took an active part in the Réforme banquets which immediately preceded the Revolution of 1848. He sat in several of the Assemblies of that troubled time, and voted with the Extreme Left during the Revolutionary period, but eventually lost his seat, and only returned to public life as Member of the *Corps Législatif* in 1864.

GRANT, SIR ALEXANDER, came from Harrow to Balliol, where he won the Scholarship, became later Fellow of Oriel, and held high office in the Education Department, both at Madras and Bombay. He died as Principal of the University of Edinburgh.

GRATRY, AUGUSTE J. ADOLPHE, 1805-1872, author of *La Connaissance de l'Ame* and many other philosophical writings. He became a Member of the French Academy in 1867, and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the wisest and most moderate of French Ecclesiastics.

GRUB, DR., author of the *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, in 4 vols. 8vo.

HETTNER, HERMANN, a very eminent art critic, Museum Director and writer upon literature, born 1821, died 1882.

HOLLOND, MRS., died in 1884. No one who sees her picture in the National Gallery can doubt that Ary Scheffer's "Saint Monica" was taken from her.

INNES, COSMO, Professor in the University of Edinburgh, long known as one of the best authorities upon Scottish history.

JURISSOWITZ AND ZRINY, famous in the struggle of Hungary with the Turks. The first, in 1532, defended Güns against fearful odds. The second, somewhat later, defended Szigeth with equal heroism, though not with equal success.

LABOULAYE, E., Professor of Comparative Legislation at the Collège de France. One of the principal French authorities on all matters connected with the United States.

MAI, ANGELO, long librarian of the Vatican. He it was who in 1822 discovered, in a palimpsest under his care, a large part of the *Republic* of Cicero, which had been partially obliterated to make way for a commentary on the Psalms by Saint Augustine.

MARTIN, HENRI, the well-known historian of France.

MAURY, ALFRED. His most important appointment was the headship of the Archives, an office he resigned not very long before his death, which took place in

1892. He was a man of encyclopaedic knowledge, writing on French antiquities, French forests, the history of religions, and what not, always writing well, and talking as well as he wrote.

MICHAELIS, M., 1826-1890, a Free Trader and able writer on economical subjects.

MOHL, MADAME, *née* Mary Clarke, 1793-1882, long well known as having one of the most agreeable *salons* in Paris. Her life has been excellently written by her friend Mrs. Simpson.

MORISON, COTTER. I never met that very interesting man but once, when he came (I think on his marriage tour) to lunch with us at Eden. Maclaren, the fencing master at Oxford, who, clever himself, had an excellent eye for cleverness in others, used to talk to me much about him when he was an undergraduate, as he did about another of his pupils, who has made a good deal of noise in the world since—the present Lord Salisbury.

MURRAY, THE HON. HENRY, brother to the better-known Sir Charles Murray.

NITZSCH, KARL, 1787-1868, one of the most distinguished representatives of what was known as the Theology of Reconciliation—Vermittelungs-theologie—in the pulpit of Berlin.

OXENHAM, HENRY NUTCOMBE, elected Scholar of Balliol 1846, later in life joined the Roman communion; author of *Poems*, *The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement*, *Dr. Pusey's Eirenicon considered in relation to Catholic Unity*, etc. etc.

PATTESON, J. COLERIDGE, eldest son of the Judge of that name, murdered in the prime of life when Bishop of Melanesia.

PEARSON, CHARLES H., long well known in connection with the politics of Victoria, where he did admirable

work as Minister of Public Instruction. He published, after returning to Europe, *National Life and Character*, a book which excited much attention and some controversy. Died in 1894.

PENGELLY, MR., a most meritorious local geologist very well known in the west of England.

PRINCE FREDERICK OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, later known as Count von Noer, a very gifted man, full of interest in India, about which he wrote much. He spent a great deal of time in London in the earlier sixties, but died too soon for his friends, some twenty years later. A sketch of his life, with a most successful portrait, was printed by his widow.

RADOWITZ, GENERAL VON, "der eiserne Mönch" to those who loved him not, but long the trusted Counsellor of Frederick William IV. of Prussia, author of *Gespräche aus der Gegenwart* and many other works.

RIDDELL, JAMES, a very interesting and amiable man who died early. His character has been best described by some exquisite lines of Shairp's. He translated "The Land of the Leal" into Greek verse worthy of the original. See the *Anthologia Oxoniensis*.

SAMWER was a Danish subject, but a devoted partisan of the Augustenburg family, and acted for the Schleswig-Holsteiners in London in 1850. Obliged to leave his own country, he entered the service of the Duke of Coburg, received from him a recognised position as Privy Councillor of the little Duchy, and became one of his most trusted advisers, during the period in which that wayward Prince played a distinguished part in the affairs of Germany.

SANDARS, THOMAS COLLETT, one of the very brilliant group who made the early importance of the *Saturday Review*. He was the inventor of its so-called Middle Articles, which had for a time so great a success.

SCHERER, EDMOND, bred as a theologian, and long one of the most important links between French and German thought. Although a Frenchman by birth, he held a theological chair at Geneva, but gave it up when his views became too broad for his surroundings. He then devoted himself to literature and politics, was long connected with the *Temps*, and became a Senator.

SCHLESINGER, MAX, long the editor of the lithographed correspondence, which was the principal source of information about English affairs in the German Press. He was born at Œdenburg in Croatia, of Jewish parentage, was compromised as a student in the Vienna troubles of 1848, wrote a brilliant little book on the Hungarian War, and settled in London, where he won for himself a good position. He was a shrewd, thoroughly informed politician, and an excellent man.

SCHMIDT, JULIAN, critic and historian of literature, born 1818, died 1886.

SCHWARZENBERG, PRINCE FELIX, who took charge of Austrian affairs at a very critical moment in 1848. See *inter alia* Count Hübner's remarkable book, *Une Année de ma vie.*

SMIRNOFF, MDLLE., died in Paris in the early nineties. It was of her that Kinglake said, "That little Olga is the cleverest thing alive."

SMITH, HENRY, late Savilian Professor of Geometry, and constantly mentioned in these pages. Many would say that he was the most remarkable man Oxford has produced in the last few decades.

SMYTH, ADMIRAL, author of *The Mediterranean*, *Sicily*, etc.

SMYTHE, THE HON. GEORGE, later Viscount Strangford, the author of that exceedingly unequal, but in many places most brilliant book, *Historic Fancies*, now quite for-

gotten, but which will, I am sure, be one day rediscovered.

SPOTTISWOODE, WILLIAM, printer to Her Majesty, and later, with general acceptance, President of the Royal Society.

STAHR, ADOLF, 1805-1876, scholar, poet, historical and literary critic, the author of two books of travels in Italy, one of which, *Ein Jahr in Italien*, won for him many admirers. His second wife was Fanny Lewald, the memoir-writer and novelist.

STEWART, MR., a theological bookseller in King William Street, Strand. Faber and a friend were once perplexing themselves as to the particular niche which this worthy man would occupy in Paradise. "I have it," said the former; "he will catalogue the angels."

STIRLING, WILLIAM, OF KEIR, later Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., K.T., author of the *Annals of the Artists of Spain*, *The Cloister Life of Charles V.*, *Don John of Austria*, etc. etc.

STRELETZKI, SIR EDMUND, a Pole by birth, became a very conspicuous figure in London Society, no one exactly knew why, but chiefly, I apprehend, by the accident of his having become known in a small but well-placed circle as a singularly good-natured and *serviable* man. He had some scientific knowledge, especially in geology, and travelled in Australia at a time when few people, save those who meant to settle there, visited that country.

SYBEL, HEINRICH VON, born in 1817, the son of a distinguished Liberal politician who died in 1857. He inherited his father's political views, and was at this time a member of the Liberal Opposition, but became gradually more Conservative as life went on. He wrote an elaborate history of the French Revolution and a

great work on the history of Germany from 1870 onwards. He survived to 1895.

SZARVADY, a Hungarian journalist who married the renowned *pianiste* of those days, Mdlle. Wilhelmina Klaus.

THOLUCK, DR., a theologian, very narrow according to the ideas which prevailed amongst learned men in Germany, rather broad according to those which prevailed in England in 1854.

TWESTEN, M., a very able man who died too early to make the impression on German politics which it was thought by many that he would.

VAUGHAN, HALFORD, sometime Professor of Modern History at Oxford. I well remember his Inaugural Address, which created a great sensation in the University. Insomnia, however, of the most terrible kind, ruined his health, and he did nothing in mature life commensurate with the great reputation of his earlier days.

WAAGEN, Director of the Berlin Gallery, 1794-1868, the great authority of his day upon our English Art-Treasures.

WEBER, PROFESSOR, a very prolific writer on historical subjects, and, like his friend Gervinus, long Professor in Heidelberg.

WILSON, THE RIGHT HON. JAMES, Secretary to the Treasury, died as Financial Member of the Governor-General's Council, founder of the *Economist* newspaper, and famous for the crystal clearness of his speeches on finance.

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